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A TRUE RECORD
OF MY
PSYCHIC DREAMS AND VISIONS

FLORENCE M. BAILEY

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OF MY

Psychic Dreams and Visions

BY

FLORENCE M. BAILEY

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Two 1.

Unfoldment

The only source of joy and happiness
Lies in the concept of the infinite;
All sorrow, pain—all weariness and woe—
Proceed from out the sense of finitude.
The lark soars high in heaven's ether blue,
And sings in joyous strain inspired by love;
So darts the shining habitant of seas,
Inspired to action by the same great power—
The Love that rules the universe, expressed
In myriad forms of force and energy,
Which consciously we receive as life,
Finds its completeness in itself with joy,
In recognition of omnipotence—
Its power to quaff forever from this ocean
Of endless bliss, in ever deeper draughts,
Without diminishing the vast supply
By so much as a single drop.
O mortal in thy narrow, worldly life,
Staked in by limitations on all sides,
Remove the barriers one by one. Look forth
To see the glory of the everlasting!
Why dost thou clutch with feverish eagerness
Mere things of dust—moth-eaten, worn with rust,
Possessions, so-called, psuedo, illusionary,
These separate the soul from the life of God,
From the great, eternal Verity.
To e'en approach this sanctuary divine
Man must unload these false accumulations—
Must recognize the All as his supply
Of which he freely helps himself—no beggar,
No piteous, whining hypocrite on knees,
Kowtowing like a slave before some tyrant—
But Lord of all this universe created
For him, by him—for is he not God's thought?
The mind, an atom in the brain of God,
Thinks out the problems of divinity.
Each sense, the soul-throb of infinity,
Reveals to us the character divine.
Nor may we separate mankind a moment
From the great and universal mystery.
As well attempt to separate the song
From singer, or picture from the painter.
The idea and expression both are one.
Whence comes inharmony or separation?
It comes alone from unillumined thought;
Its purpose is to serve a final union
And give the soul a deeper consciousness
Of love and truth and beauty.
To bring it face to face with the absolute—
Unfolding ever nearer, clearer views
Of life, revealing ever higher truth
And understanding of the Infinite.

Preface

The following reminiscences are not written for the purpose of proving psychism. Plenty of books of this kind are available, if one desires to read them. But really I consider the time and effort wasted which is spent in trying to rationalize spiritism, that is, to put spiritual phenomena on what is termed a reasonbale basis; because, paradoxical as it may seem, nothing in the universe is quite as unreasonable as the reasoning mind.

When we attempt to judge spirit by mind, we are placing the witness on the bench and the judge in the docket, thus exactly reversing the process by which it is possible to arrive at the true verdict. The primitive mind — the mind of the world — is ignorant, superstitious and skeptical, distrusting everything it cannot perceive by the ordinary five senses, and yet continually cherishing the most absurd fancies in relation to that which is beyond the range of its limited perception. The human mind is simply an organism, a growth, an instrument, we might say, in process of development. It is a creature, the creator of which is the human soul. How is it possbile that the creature should comprehend the creator?

The time spent in trying to reconcile the existence of the soul with the facts and experiences of life, as they appear externally, had far better be spent in quieting the turbulent activity of the sensuous mind with its distorted beliefs and false judgments, and in contemplation of that wonderful potency, the soul, at the center of being — the well-spring of intelligence, of love, and of joy — of all, in fact, except negative conditions and appearances.

For myself, I have never needed any outside proof of psychism, having had sufficient demonstration of it in my own visions and dreams. My visions were all seen while wide awake, while my dreams and astral-flights occurred, of course,

during slumber. This, to me, was more than sufficient proof. All might have the same evidence, if they would free themselves from superstition and become imbued with the proper faith.

The soul of man is an unfathomable reservoir of power, directly connected with Omnipotence. The lever which lifts the gates of this reservoir, causing an inflow of spiritual energy and illumination, is FAITH. Thus, by the possession and application of faith alone, one comes into the realization of transcendant spiritual powers, of which earthly powers are but faint reflections.

Faith is the immaculate offspring of a free mind. To bring forth the child, FAITH, and rear it to maturity is a purely volitional process, which requires the most unwearied devotion. In the silence alone, through meditation on the mystery within, one gains this illumination; and Faith, the Christ Power, unfolds spontaneously like the petals of the lotus plant blossoming deep within the shadow of the silent pool. Only by unveiling this mystery of the being is it possible to know the self.

How wide of the path, then, is the popular conception of education and enlightenment, which consists in running hither and thither, seeking information of this one and that, delving in libraries, searching everywhere for scientific authorities! To supply this feverish demand of mankind for external knowledge, we have an army of teachers, preachers, lawyers, doctors and other professionals busy with the invention or formulation of multifarious theories and antagonistic doctrines.

A few are thus deputized to do the thinking for the masses, and whatever opinions they advance the masses are ready to accept and pay for. All this is simply a chaotic swirl of elemental brain-forces which might be compared to a forest tree under the influence of passing winds. It twists and turns in a thousand ways, but all this, as we

know, has positively nothing to do with its growth or real expression, unless it be to check or impair it.

The deification of the human mind, and the consequent belief in the actual creative power of thought, may be regarded as the fundamental error of human concept today. The truth is, mind is a creature and thought a product. The master-principle of all is the spirit, overshadowing all, enveloping all, bringing all into manifestation. Laboring under the delusion that "All is mind," and that mental acquisition is the end of wisdom, people attend schools and universities and stow away on the shelves of that wonderful faculty, memory, a vast scrap-heap of material facts or hypotheses. Thus they go through life burdened with what is called education, and pass away as ignorant as horses of the true wisdom, which they might have developed from within without any of this superficial study and strenuous exercise of grey matter.

Behind the shell of mere things — characterized as objective facts — is hidden the Spirit of which ALL things visible and tangible are mere projections. It is with this spirit of nature and the world, this mystic, unknown and mentally uncognizable entity back of all expression in nature and art, that one must come en rapport if he would understand himself and his relation to existence.

To attempt to uproot the prejudices of a mind buried in its superstitions is a Herculean task. To talk of spiritual unfoldment to such a darkened mind is like casting a wreath of white lilies upon the black current of a sewer. Yet the world is created by spirit and ruled by spirit and through the constant illumination of spirit every individual soul must ultimately be brought into the full light of understanding. Those who are so fortunate as to have seen the Great Light and progressed a little way on the path will become, when they ad-

vance far enough, the standard bearers of the TRUTH which is to redeem the world. No reformer can do more than speak the word. Christ said, "Sow thy seed in the morning, and in the evening withhold not thine hand." He also declares that much of this seed will fall on stony places, and that little is liable to find a congenial soil wherein it can take root and grow. Before I took my pen in hand to execute this work, I was admonished that a few hungry souls throughout the world were waiting for a message such as this. To these, this little book is dedicated with the love of the new-born, Living Christ, a love which passeth understanding.

THE AUTHOR.

My Early Unfoldment

The Sabbath bells a gladsome message rang.
While heavenly hosts responsive chorals sang;
Bedecked with multicolored flowers, the earth
Its incense wafted welcoming the birth.
The hour had struck, no time nor circumstance
Could wait or halt the spirit's swift advance.

* * * * *

In order to fully explain the unfoldment of my psychic powers, it will be necessary for me to give a brief sketch of my early childhood, during which period these powers began to manifest so naturally that I was, for a long time, unaware that there was anything unusual or abnormal about them whatever. Some years elapsed before some of my early visions came to pass, and it was then that it began to dawn upon me that I was clairvoyant, having a power of inner sight, which ordinarily people do not seem to possess.

I was born of a poor, but respectable family, in the little town of St. Denis, near Southampton, England. I was the fourth child, having two older sisters and a brother at the time of my birth. It appears that none of us were very welcome. My father cared little for children; they were an annoyance to him, and my mother was quite too young to realize her responsibilities in the care of a family, being scarcely seventeen at the time of her marriage; besides, she had, just to satisfy the earnest wishes of her parents, given up ambitions for a stage career, something which, no doubt, had a contributory influence upon her indifference to rearing a family.

Be this as it may, I succeeded in arriving one

bright Sunday morning, while the church bells were pealing their gladsome praises, and the sunshine was diffusing its genial warmth over the blossoming heaths of early summer. Perhaps all this gladsomeness was a special setting for my welcome into this world, but it appeared to me later that I was quite an unwelcome guest in the home to which I had been attracted, less welcome than if I had been a boy. In some quarters of the globe girl babies are at a decided discount, being regarded as superfluities — so many more mouths to feed without prospect of recompense. In China, I presume I would have been buried alive; as it was, I was permitted to live by sufferance, an incumbrance thrust upon my poor parents by providence, which they would rid themselves of as soon as the law would allow.

In some way I seem to have been an oddity, unlike the general run of children. It is difficult to say in just what respect this was so, but apparently it was this that incited the dislike and antagonism which my parents and others displayed toward me. I was always conscious of being extremely sensitive, and such slighting and abusive treatment as I was accustomed to receive from different members of my family preyed upon me, and kept me in a sad, rebellious mental condition for the greater part of the time. This naturally isolated me very much, so that, unpleasant as the circumstances were, they supplied a necessary condition for my psychic unfoldment at a very early age.

When I was between four and five years of age, as I can distinctly remember, I began to "see things." Every night on going to bed I would

beg sister to stay awake until I had fallen asleep, but she would only slap me and call me a silly, a little nuisance, and apply other opprobrious epithets, to which I grew accustomed.

Night after night I would wake up to see the form of a man standing on the bed, and I would punch sister and beg of her to make him go away. "Oh, hush and go to sleep!" she would angrily exclaim; "you are only dreaming — you have the nightmare!" Still, every night the same man appeared as natural as life.

One night, shortly after this, I awoke with a start. Something had fallen in the room. I sat up in bed, stark and still, and there was the very same man that had so long haunted my bedside getting in at the window. I tried to scream, but my tongue clove to my mouth, and I was unable to utter the slightest sound, nor could I move a muscle. The man appeared not to notice us in bed at all, but walked straight over to the dressing table, eagerly scanning the articles it contained. Evidently not finding anything he wanted there, he pulled out the drawers one after another, scattering their contents over the floor. He then helped himself to various trinkets, and walked out into another room.

During all this performance I could neither move nor speak. I sat as if petrified. In a few moments the man came back again to the dresser, picked up a bunch of keys and disappeared. A moment later I heard the back door slam, and I knew he had gone. Then I began to cry, and sister, turning over, ejaculated crossly: "Do hush and go to sleep!" Between my sobs, I managed to tell her that I had seen a man in the room turn-

ing out the dresser drawers, whereupon she got up to look, but finding nothing whatever amiss, gave me the customary slap, telling me to go to sleep and stop my silly dreaming. In the morning mother was as usual informed of my silly actions and I received a few more slaps. Finally I made up my mind to keep all such things to myself and say nothing. To this resolution I afterward adhered for a long time.

About a week after my seeing the man enter the window and go through the dresser, mother and some friends went out calling, and while she was gone the house was robbed. An entrance was gained through the back yard, as some one had carelessly left a bunch of keys in the door. We arrived home from school just as the policeman who had been investigating the robbery emerged from the house. After this, I saw the man at the foot of the bed no more.

A Vision of the New World

On eagle pinions taking flight,
The spirit, borne across the main,
Beholds the future clear and bright,
Viewing scenes to be seen again.

* * * * *

Soon after this, we moved to Southampton into a very pretty little, red brick cottage on John street, just a short distance from Queens Park. This park covered about twenty-five acres of ground and was surrounded with an eight-foot, iron-rail fence, having gates at the entrance which were always closed and locked at night. Of this park, which was used by the children as a meeting place and playground, with its splashing foun-

tains, and its beautiful flower-beds and green hedges, for which England is so noted, I shall always treasure a most pleasant memory. The north side of the park overlooked the bay, and to the west were situated the big ship docks where many American and other foreign vessels made their regular visits.

To us children, this park was naturally a most interesting place, and whenever I could possibly escape the duties of child-nursing and steal away a few moments, I would scamper off to the park. Such moments, I can assure you, were very scarce. During all my young life, I was more or less of a drudge. Every year or two brought a new baby into the home, and as soon as one of us reached our tenth or eleventh year, we were sent out as maid or servant in some family. My two older sisters having been thus disposed of, the care of the younger ones devolved upon me, and my duties at home were so onerous that I was certainly glad when it came my turn to go out as nurse girl also, though, as some of my later experiences proved, it was like jumping out of the frying pan into the fire. Altogether, I had practically nothing in my young life to make me happy, nor can I look back to my childhood days with any feeling of pleasure.

One night, when about seven years of age, I dreamed a strange dream. I was sitting out in the yard sewing, when on looking up I saw a large eagle flying over, and followed him for a long ways until he disappeared in the distance. Upon looking around, I observed that I was in a strange land. "What peculiar houses!" I exclaimed,

"houses built of wood!" I had never seen such houses before. Then I looked, and I was standing upon a most wonderful strip of beach along the ocean. The sun was shedding its warm rays all around, and yet here and there were to be seen white drifts, the evidence of recent snow storms. All this was more strange to me, as I had actually never seen snow. I walked up the beach quite a distance, until I saw myself about to be overtaken by the rapidly incoming tide, when at some little distance to one side, I perceived an old barn-like structure, to which I made my way. Looking about, I saw that the place I had entered had evidently at one time been a beautiful estate, but now it was closed and deserted, with no signs of its having been occupied for a long time. I was reflecting that there must be something unusual about the place, but the mystery was not then to be solved, for I awoke with a start. It was all a dream!

Two months later mother received a letter from a brother living in America, in which he gave such glowing accounts of the prosperity of the country that mother and father both decided it would be a most wonderful place in which to live, a far better place than England. Thereupon, father packed up and sailed for American shores, mother and seven children following a year later.

We had lived in America eight years, when one of my friends who had moved to Boston, Mass., sent me an invitation to come and make her a visit, which I did. One day during the January thaw, we took a trip down to the famous beach, now known as the Lynn Boulevard. Imagine my

surprise when I looked around and recognized adjoining the beach the identical old barn and estate of my former dream. I was so overcome with surprise for a few moments that I could not speak. Then I told Mrs. M—, my companion, that I had seen all this before. We sat down on the red rocks, and I related my childhood dream. I will here add, that to complete the truthfulness of the dream, there in the crevices of the rocks, and scattered elsewhere against the sides of the old sea-wall, were patches of ice and snow, exactly as I had seen them. She then went on to tell me that this old estate belonged to heirs who would never live there, as the former owner had committed suicide. The place was said to be haunted. So they had closed it up and gone away, and had never returned.

Since the time of my early visit there, the old buildings on the place have all been torn down and a beautiful sea-wall constructed, so that today it forms one of the finest boulevards and beaches in the country. Thus was my early dream of visiting America verified, and the mystery of the old estate cleared up.

My Guiding Star

From out the glittering galaxy of stars
Appears the bright and stately unicorn
To light the darkened world and break thro' bars,
Of Luna's radiance thus new hope is born.

* * * * *

Fortunes were not to be picked up in the streets of America, as we had been led to believe in the old country, and my parents found it hard to feed so many little mouths, and at the same

time furnish another home comfortably; therefore, I was put out as nurse girl when about eleven years of age. I was first placed with a Catholic family to care for two little children and assist the mother with her work, in return for my board and clothes.

I had been there only a few weeks, when one night I began to feel very strange. I could not tell what was the matter with me, so decided to retire earlier than usual. About five o'clock in the morning I awoke, and instantly jumped out of bed to raise the shades. It was very light, and I feared that the people down stairs were oversleeping. I walked over to the register, which was in the middle of the floor in my room, and opened it to look down and see if anyone was astir, but, as I heard nothing, I crept back into bed. Before I had time to pull the clothes over me, I was startled by something resembling a sphere of light in the middle of the floor where I had stood but a moment before. I watched it, and it began to grow larger and larger, until I saw the apparition of a woman's head, then her shoulders, and finally her hands, coming up as it seemed from the floor. As I looked, I saw that she manipulated the air with movements of her hands, and thus clothed herself in a white, etherial substance. Those that possess clairvoyant vision, and can see ether-waves, will know what I mean without explanation, and to those who have not such vision, I will say that the clothes with which she enveloped herself resembled more than anything else in the material world, beautiful, white, fleecy clouds. There she stood all draped in im-

maculate whiteness, her luxuriant black hair hanging in waves below her waist. Her hands were clasped in front of her, and as she began speaking she separated them, and I saw, figured on her garments, the likeness of a large unicorn, which, as I later came to understand, occultly represented her name, being a symbol of wisdom.

I saw her about to approach my bedside, and became so frightened that I trembled violently and covered my head with the sheet. She came over to me and, placing her hand on my feet, spoke as follows: "Fear me not, my child. I am come to tell you that you and I have a GREAT WORK to do in the coming years. You will often be in great need of my help. I have watched over you, and guarded your life, ever since you were born, and shall continue to do so all through the years to come. When you need me, call; I shall always be near. My name is L U N A." I removed the sheet from my head to reply, and she was gone. Striking as was this apparation, singularly enough I soon forgot all about it. Why the memory of it should have faded so completely, I do not know, but all through the dark and dreary years that followed LUNA never once entered my mind. I suffered trials, and endured agonies, and never once thought to call for help. Not until about six years ago was the memory of this vision revived by the reappearance of the spirit guest of years gone by. One morning I awoke early, and saw passing in front of me a poem all written out in gold letters, entitled "Violets." I glanced at it, and jumping out of bed, procured paper and pencil and wrote it down. Looking up, I saw the face

of the same beautiful lady who had appeared to me so many years ago. "Luna!" I exclaimed instantly, and she smiled and vanished. By this sign and symbol I was made aware that the time was at hand for us to begin the Great Work together. To accomplish this I first found it necessary to readjust my personal affairs, for the soul can only blossom forth in all its purity in a garden of harmony and freedom. I am now ready, and LUNA is standing by my side, the inspiration of whatever future writings may appear under my name.

Violets

Oh for sweet violets, so lovely and blue,
That blossom in spring delighting the view,
Pushing their heads from beneath the sod
Into the glorious sunlight of God.
As the light of dawn illumines the morn
From crystals of dew the violet is born.
Joyous and free through the woodland I went
On the quest of these beauties alone intent,
Suddenly I came to a wonderous scene,
Violets were peeping from masses of green,
With seered yellow leaves interspersed between,
O'rspread with the mottling sunlight's sheen.
I paused in reverence and admiration
To gaze on the beauty of nature's creation.
When swayed by the passing of a gentle breeze,
Each nodded its greeting, anxious to please,
And arrest the tread of the thoughtless heel,
Which would cause crushed stems and hearts to feel.
I stooped their pretty petals to caress
And reassure them that I came to bless,
Wishing meanwhile their faces to compare
To find if twin flowers perchance were there.
But, though I scanned each little form and face,
I saw no two alike in any place.
'Tis thus, I mused, of all God's lovely flowers,
Blooming in creations myriad bowers;
Each is itself distinct and separate,
An individual soul, without a mate.
Its effort lies in one direction,
The attainment of divine perfection.
With this lesson learned, in a pensive mood,
I retraced my steps through the silent wood.

A Momentous Experience

There is a door for which there seems no key,
Which shuts us in the room of mystery;
At last the Magic word of Faith we find,
And leave all doors and mysteries behind.

* * * * *

I found on reaching the age of seventeen that being a willing slave for people was breaking me down physically. It is true that "only through service is the master made," but there is much service that is like "casting pearls before swine," included in which is domestic servitude in the homes of selfish and autocratic people, in whose estimation you are nothing better than a horse or dog, and not nearly so favored as either.

Worn out and disgusted with such service and treatment, I married. I did not realize what I was doing. No child does under like circumstances. I cared nothing for the man. I did not know that it was essential that I should care, so narrow and primitive had been my education along this line. I was led to believe it was for the best that I should do this thing, which all the world did. He was another's choice, and the whole affair was arranged by false friends, so that, especially to those who have gone through a similar experience, it will be no surprise when I state that the four years which followed were years of untold misery and disappointment.

Cloud after cloud burst upon us in all their fury, as the outraged goddess of holy love led up to the vengeful climax which severed this abominable connection. One dark night while the man lay in a drunken stupor, I picked up my two-year-old child and fled. In a blinding snow storm I

walked eight miles out in the country with the babe in my arms to the home of one of my nearest neighbors. When I arrived, I had one cheek and two toes nearly frozen. To this day my aching toes remind me of this terrible adventure.

I remained at her home until I recovered sufficiently to move on. Leaving my baby with her, she promising to care for her faithfully until I could get located and find employment, I took the train for Boston. The clouds that I thought by this time had all cleared away continued to gather. I sought employment of different kinds, but found nothing that paid sufficient wages for me to live on and support the little one. The events which followed led up to the most important climax, and one which more than anything else in my life served to demonstrate the absolute fact and positive power of spiritual guidance. In these experiences there was no possibility of deception or hallucination, nor yet of collusion, for I myself was the sole recipient of spiritual direction which was verified in the most remarkable manner, as I shall now relate.

I had written back regularly every other week to the woman with whom I left my little girl, but received no reply. At first I did not think much about this, knowing the distance she lived from the postoffice, and the difficulty of travel in the winter, but as time went on and I got no answer to my letters, I began to get worried and almost desperate.

One night I had the following dream: I was walking along the street with my little girl in her carriage, when I came to a large building which

I desired to enter. Pulling her carriage up on the top step, I kissed her and passed inside. Immediately, I bethought myself that the room would be warmer for her, and returned to bring her in, when I found she had disappeared, carriage and all. I ran up and down the street, but there was no sign of anybody in sight. Then I ran back to the building and tried to find someone to help me search for the missing child.

As I closed the front door, I heard the lock click and realized that I was locked in. I beat upon the door, and kicked it frantically, but no one heard me. Looking around I saw another door, and ran over to it, finding it also locked. After awhile I succeeded in opening the second door, only to find that it entered into another room the door of which was likewise locked. None of these rooms possessed a window of any kind. Thus I made my way through the large building, beating at each door until it opened into a similar room. Finally a door opened that led onto a veranda where an old lady was sitting. I fell at her feet exhausted and awoke. This dream worried me greatly, for I knew that it augured some mischief in relation to my baby. Still no news came. Finally I fell ill and was confined in the hospital for a long time. Thus the weeks passed into months and the months into years. I worked and I saved, and my savings went to lawyers and others in the effort to locate the woman with whom I had left the little one in charge. Finally I realized that I was wasting time and spending money foolishly, and, recalling my former dream, it dawned upon me that I had to open the closed

doors one by one myself, if I would be successful in my search.

One night I sat in my room reading when I felt the presence of someone standing near me, as I always do under such circumstances, and looking up saw a wonderful red Indian. His features were clear cut and expressive, his physique magnificent. I gazed at him with admiration, and said, "I am glad to see you; are you one of my guides?"

He replied that he was.

"Then," I said, "such a wonderful Indian as you are ought to be able to find my little girl. I have proved that all the lawyers want is my money."

"I am here to tell you that," he said. "You yourself are the one to go and find her; no one else can or will do it."

"Tell me," I said, "where to go, and I will start tonight."

He told me to take a train and go to my husband's people, and while there he would show me where to go and what to do, but that I must never for a moment doubt or distrust him. With that he disappeared. Thereupon I had a phenomenal experience. I began speaking the Indian language fluently like a native. This continued for perhaps fifteen minutes, when another Indian appeared on the scene.

This one, though equally as perfect in feature as the other, was much smaller in stature, appearing like a youth of sixteen or seventeen years. He did not speak very plain English, but told me quite intelligibly that he was going along with

me on my trip every step of the way, and admonished me to dress warm for it was very, very cold where I was going. While he was speaking, I was conscious of a cold draft of air, and heard distinctly the jingle of sleigh bells and the crunching of snow. This Indian said his name was "Fire Water," and that if I wanted him at any time to call him, as he would be near to respond. This promise he fulfilled to the letter, being always at my side in strange places and even opening doors for me on many occasions.

The following morning was Christmas, and it found me up early with my grip packed for a journey. I went to Boston and took the early train for M—. I had no idea where the folks whom I sought were living. I had written them time and again and my letters had always been returned, so I knew they must have moved away. But I had faith that someone in the old place might be able to give me information of them. With this hope I started on my long, cold journey.

And now there developed a singular link in the chain. Two days later I was sitting in my seat, on the left side of the car, looking out at the snow-laden fir trees, when a voice said distinctly, "Move over on the right side of the car and look out of the window." I obeyed. We were just crossing a frozen river on the opposite bank of which stood a cottage, and a few yards down the road an old, wooden-covered foot-bridge.

As the train drew nearer, I saw emerging from the bridge my husband's father. We were so near that I could even see the expression on his face, and noticed particularly the limp he had in his

right foot. Yes, there was no mistake; it was he. Then, as the train dashed by the cottage, I saw standing full view in the front window one whom I instantly recognized as the man that had been my husband. I hastily put on my wraps, determined to get out at the next station, though my actual destination was fully thirty miles further on. The train drew into the station in a small backwoods village some thirteen miles beyond the cottage and bridge, where I had seen these people whom I wished to locate. I hunted up a liveryman to drive me over to this place, and in the meantime visited several stores, and enquired if they knew the people whom I sought. No one knew anybody of this name living in the vicinity, but I decided all the same to investigate for myself.

As we drew up to the door of that cottage, who should appear? Not my husband nor his people at all, but Mrs. S—, the woman with whom I had left my little girl! I do not know which was the most surprised at the meeting, she or I. I said, "Good evening!" She started back in utter amazement. However, she recovered her wits sufficiently to invite us in to get warm. I told her I had come to find my child and asked her where she was, and why she had not kept her promise to me.

Then she broke down and confessed that she herself loved the little round-faced, golden-haired child, and took a notion that she would adopt her. Consequently, after I left, she wrote the father that I had left the baby in her care, and asked his permission to adopt it as her own. In answer

he came to see her, and took the baby away with him. Knowing how I would feel about the matter, she did not have the courage to write me the particulars. She was unable to tell me what became of the child, as his people moved from the place soon after, and he and the child went with them, as she supposed.

Hastily bidding her adieu, I returned to the station to catch the next train for my original destination. Here, then, was a wonderful psychic leading. Neither he nor his people had ever lived at the cottage where I saw them, but if my vision of them there had not been so real, I should never have returned to pick up this important clue.

I boarded the train which pulled into the sleepy little station of N— at 8 that evening. Going to the only hotel in the place, I secured a very comfortable lodging, and being weary I soon retired and fell into a profound sleep. During the night I dreamed a remarkable dream and one which proved to be absolutely prophetic.

I was driving with a man in a terrible blizzard. The wind cut my face as I occasionally uncovered it to take a peep around. The horses were covered with ice and snow. At times we would come to such drifts that the driver would have to get out and shovel a passage through. It seemed the ride would never end. I was nearly perished with the cold. Finally toward night we saw a light ahead, and soon drew up to a brown, clap-boarded cottage. It was a farm house, and looked to be a very old one.

I walked up on the veranda, opened the door and looked in, and the first object that caught my

attention was a large, round-faced clock, the hour-hand of which pointed exactly to six, and the minute-hand to twelve. It was just six o'clock! It seemed warm and cozy inside, and I saw, sitting at the table eating supper, a man and a woman, and with them my own little girl, then nine years old. Lying by the stove was a large, Scotch-collie dog, and over the stove on a towel rack hung a pair of woman's white stockings and an odd pair of men's socks, one brown and the other black.

I looked long and earnestly at those stockings and socks, and seemed to realize that they had a meaning for me; and as I continued to gaze at them, the thought came to me that one of these people would be willing to give up my child, and the other would not. With this thought prominent in mind, I awoke. The dream had been remarkably vivid from start to finish, and I knew it foreshadowed what was to follow.

In the morning after a hasty breakfast, I made a few enquiries and located the missing relatives whom I sought some eight miles from the village. I arrived at their home, received a most royal welcome, and remained there for two weeks. It happened that they knew absolutely nothing of my husband's whereabouts, nor the present home of the child. He had joined the navy, and had taken the child away with him. It seems he had committed some petty misdemeanor for which he was released on bail, but had jumped his bond and fled. So here was another closed door, and I seemed as much at sea as ever in the solution of my quest. Still I had perfect faith in my guides, and waited for futher direction.

One evening I was sitting cuddled up in an arm-chair before the fire, having just returned from a sleigh ride in which I had nearly perished with the cold, when I heard a laugh, and looking round, I saw standing there my big Indian. I was surely pleased, and so greeted him. He said, "Take train, go north till you get to S—, then enquire for Mayor of town. There you find what you want, Goodnight!"

With this message I was of course delighted, for I felt that my journey was drawing to a close. I could have rushed away that very night, but thought it more sensible to wait until morning. Arising early, I took the first train to M—, and there I received the information that, on account of the heavy snows, there would not be a train out for S— until the next morning.

So I stayed in M— for the night, and later in the day made enquiry of some lawyers there if they knew the mayor of S—. They did not, but referred me to the judge, who happened to know him well, he being a brother Mason and a member of his own lodge. He further gave me the comforting information that, if I was going to see him, I would have a three or four days' journey by stage-coach, as he lived forty miles from the railroad, and that it would be a long, cold ride.

On the morrow I arrived by early train at S— with the thermometer forty degrees below zero. What a dreary place in which to live! Upon enquiry I found the stage-coach would not leave till five o'clock that afternoon, and they told me, if I took it, I would surely freeze to death as it was an open coach. So I decided to hire a private conveyance.

When I went to the livery for this purpose, the man looked at me and said, "I would not take you on such a trip, unless I could find a big fur coat for you, as you would certainly freeze in this weather, clad as you are." Those who have traveled in the mountains of Vermont know something of the intense cold that prevails there in winter. The man went out and succeeded in borrowing the coat for me, heated a brick for my feet, and we started. We drove until ten o'clock that night and put up at an inn where we had a nice warm supper.

It was snowing heavily when we started in the morning, and before noon the wind rose and we were caught in a regular blizzard. The horse could walk only at a slow pace, and how he kept the road I do not know. Time and again we were obliged to pause while the driver shoveled his way through some huge drift. At last we decided to stop at a farm house and wait until the next day. The following day was about the same as before. We made very slow progress, but finally arrived at the inn where the stage travelers stopped, and were made very comfortable for the night. The following day we made faster headway, as a country snow-plough had been over the road ahead of us. I was already in a high fever and deathly sick from the intense cold, so that I was unable to partake of any dinner, though we stopped at a farm house where an appetizing meal was prepared for us.

About four o'clock that afternoon it began to grow dark. However, we soon sighted a light in the distance, and the driver informed me that this at last was our destination. We drew up at the

door, and the man dug me out of my furs and relieved me of some of them, so that I could stand up and walk.

He would not stop to get warm, as he had a friend living a short distance beyond and was in a hurry to get there for the night, so I reimbursed him handsomely for the long and tiresome trip, and bade him adieu with a heart full of thanks, telling him that he need not call for me on his return, as I felt unable to make the trip back at that time. In this decision, as in all the rest, I was acting purely on faith, having no way of knowing that I would even be welcome where I was. Everything thus far had transpired in exact accordance with my dream, but the most startling verification still remained.

I walked up on the veranda of that old farm house and knocked at the door. The lady that came to the door was the identical one I had seen in my dream. As the door opened, I stood looking in, and there, precisely as I had seen it in the dream, was the same old, round-faced clock on the wall, the hour-hand pointing exactly to six, and the minute-hand to twelve. It was exactly six o'clock! There at the table sat a man, and by his side my own little girl, all eating supper together, everything exactly as I had dreamed it to be, except, of course, in my dream the woman was seated at the table, whereas she had now risen to open the door.

She invited me in and drew a chair for me to sit down by the fire. As I sank into it, I saw lying there by the stove the very same big, collie-dog — everything was the same, the man, the woman, the child, the room, the table, the clock,

the time — all exactly as I had seen it. A million confused thoughts rushed through my fevered brain. I wondered if I still were not dreaming.

Then I looked at the child, and extending my hands to her, I cried out: "Mother's baby, don't you know me, dear?" She looked at me a moment in a half-dazed sort of way, and then, her face irradiated with joy, sprang into my arms. When she could find words, she said, "Yes, Mama, I know you. Have I not prayed for you ever since you went away, and I dreamed you would come for me some day, and now my dream has come true!"

I did not then have time to explain anything. I felt the darkness gathering around me, and quickly lost consciousness. When I once more opened my eyes, it was the following day, and I was in such a nice, warm, comfortable bed and room that it seemed like heaven. There, playing on the floor with her dolls, was my lost child, and, as I lay there watching her, I heard her talking to someone, and she was saying, "You see, I told you if we kept our secret and said our prayers, we would sometime get our own mamas back. I have got mine, and you will get yours." Then I saw that she had a companion, a little golden-haired girl of her own age, whose mama I learned had died some five years previous, and her step-mother not being kind to her, she was accustomed to confide her troubles to my Agatha, and they together used to pray daily for their own dear mothers to come for them.

As she came up close to me, I was able to see for her, and tell her that she, too, would be with her mama sooner than she expected, and a year

later she joined her mother in a happy reunion in the other, higher world. So, truly enough, the prayers of the two little girls were answered and both got their most heartfelt wish, which always happens in this world, though it may not always so appear. A few weeks later, when I was able to be up about the house, Mrs. T— told me the story of how my little one came under her care. It seems that the father had left her with some poor people, when he fled the country. These people had several children of their own and were in destitute circumstances, and so the mayor in looking into their case discovered this little girl of mine whom he adopted as a sort of companion to his wife, while he was absent from home.

Mrs. T—, when she knew all the circumstances, told me she was perfectly willing for me to take the child, much as she had become attached to her, but I saw that the man was not by any means as willing, thus my dream of the "unmatched socks" came true also. However, at their kind invitation, I thought best to remain awhile, hoping that things would change for the better. I stayed two months, and during all this time they were very kind to me.

One night I dreamed that baby and I were packing up, and getting ready for a long journey, and that we were both very happy over it. Two days later Mr. T— arrived home, and that evening he told me that I had won their hearts, even as much as the baby had done, and that I was welcome to take her home with me whenever I wished to go. I was overcome with gratitude to him as well as to her for all their kindness to baby and myself, and I remarked that if I took my little

one away perhaps the kind Lord would send them another in its place. In less than two years later I received word that they had, even in their advanced years, actually been blessed with a little son of their own. Thus it appears that good deeds do not go unrewarded.

Our journey homeward the next week was more comfortable, as the weather had moderated. We stopped off at many places to visit friends, all of whom rejoiced with me over the recovery of my child. I certainly never regretted placing my faith in my dear Indian friends, who watched over and guided me so carefully on my eventful journey, and brought everything to such a happy conclusion.

Passing Out of the Body

Though death sometimes may seem to hover near
I hear a voice exclaiming, "Never fear!"
And even though I pass material bounds,
I see all earthly sights and hear all sounds,
I move in spirit to the higher life
In conscious freedom from all care and strife.

* * * * *

Sometime after the events I have narrated took place, I had remarried and was spending a few weeks with mother, who had just returned from a visit to England, when I had my next remarkable psychic experience. I had been very ill for a week, but did not realize that I was in danger, and for this reason did not send for my husband, who had gone out into the country for a short stay. It was Friday night, I remember, and the room where I lay had a large bay window overlooking the street. The electric arc-light

outside flooded the room with a light so bright that one could see to read anywhere in the room.

All at once I began to feel as though I was sinking, when I heard a rapping, and turning my head in the direction from which it proceeded, I saw a hand come out from behind a picture that hung on the wall, and a moment later there appeared, standing between my bed and the window, in the full blaze of the electric light, a man. At first I thought it might be the doctor who had come in quietly. I could not see the figure very plainly, the light dazzling my eyes somewhat, but as he came nearer, I observed that he had no hat on, and one thing I noticed in particular was that he was dressed in a suit of black cloth of rather heavy nap.

As he came over to the bed, I said, "Who are you?" And he replied, "Father! I have come to help you, for you need me. You are very ill, but I am going to do all I can for you." "Are you my husband's father?" I asked. He replied that he was, and with the words, "Keep up your courage, child!" he disappeared. Though I had never seen his father in the flesh, I knew that he had passed out some years previously. I was, of course, very glad that he had come to me as he did, for it was an assurance that I need have no fear of passing out at that time. Just then the doctor came in, and saw at a glance that quick action was necessary. First he called mother out into the hall and told her she might as well prepare for a funeral Sunday, but on reflection agreed to call another physician and perform a slight operation. They came at nine o'clock and administering the anesthetic, I fell asleep. I had not been asleep

over twenty minutes when my astral body became free, and floating about the room I could see my body still lying on the bed and the operation going on while I listened to every word they were saying. I saw mother standing outside the door as if fearing to enter. Then I left the house and sailing through the air made a trip to the city of Lawrence, a distance of thirty miles.

I had it in my mind to go to my husband, who was staying at Methuen, a short distance from Lawrence, and on arriving at the farm house where he was visiting, I saw him and another man hitching a horse to a buggy, which at that time of night surprised me. I hovered over them all the time they were thus engaged, and heard every word of their conversation, which I afterwards recollected distinctly. I even approached so near that I saw the time, twenty minutes to ten, as my husband pulled his watch from his pocket. I reached out to touch him on the hand. Just then they got in the buggy to drive away, but they, of course, did not notice me, nor did they have the slightest idea that I was there.

I then looked at my astral body to note its appearance. It was all blue and white like the clouds in the sky. I was able to see my face and body as plainly as though looking in a mirror. I remember distinctly looking down at my feet, or where I expected my feet to be, and apparently I had none. My body seemed to taper down, and to be like a veil floating in the breeze. I had an exquisite sensation of pleasure in not being hampered with an unwieldy body. Looking about, I saw that the men had already gone a good ways down the road, so I decided to go back home.

When I awoke, it was ten o'clock and the doctors were sitting by the bedside. On Sunday my husband came home and I told him of my astral visit, repeating the conversation that I had heard. He declared that every word of it was correct, and that even the time was as I had observed it to be. The description I gave of his father, he said, was perfect in every detail, and that the peculiar black suit I described was the very one in which he was buried.

This experience corroborated what I had long known to be true, viz., that we inhabit two bodies simultaneously, and that death consists merely in the separation of these bodies. This separation, as in my experience, may frequently take place without death ensuing. If people had a clearer knowledge of the relationship existing between body and soul, doctors' predictions would fail oftener than they do.

Forewarning of Death

Breaking all barriers and bonds,
The soul in sympathy responds
To each emotion of the heart
Whate'er the distance be apart,
It has a language most unique,
In signs and symbols it doth speak.

* * * * *

Another remarkable experience occurred one morning in early January. The seven o'clock whistles were blowing, and I was on the point of jumping out of bed, when the door opened and in walked a man. I was greatly surprised at this, as the door I knew was fastened with a Yale lock. As he approached the bed, I noticed the same

black suit with the heavy nap and knew at once who it was, even before I looked in his face.

As he came nearer, I began to grow numb all over, and was as stiff as a stick, and as unfeeling as a stone, all but my head, which was perfectly clear, though I could distinctly hear it cracking. I got the thought immediately that I had a paralytic shock. Then a voice said, "January 24," and the apparition disappeared. I kept wondering what it could mean. I passed the date indicated without anything happening, but in February mother received a letter from England saying that grandmother had had a shock and died on the 24th of January. Here, then, was a case of prevision in which I took on the condition of another, this being an example of the symbolic language which spirit employs to impress the human consciousness, and convey the warning of impending events.

President Lincoln Appears

Great souls from higher realms come forth,
To teach us lessons of much worth;
Heed, then, the heavenly message clear,
And rise above all doubt and fear.
Oh realm of beauty which delights
The vision seen from distant heights—
Attained through suffering, pain and loss
By him who triumphs through the cross.

* * * * *

One interesting experience in psychic vision came to me some time after reading the life of President Lincoln. I had been greatly affected, and sobbed all through the book, but had about forgotten the incident, when one night, as I turned out the light and was about to get into bed, I saw

on my pillow a beautiful yellow ball of light. I reached out for it as eagerly as a child reaches for a new toy, and as I did so it burst, and there inside was the dear, sweet, smiling face of Lincoln.

I was greatly surprised to see him appear in this manner, and I exclaimed, "Why, President Lincoln, is it you?" He smiled and replied, "Yes, it is I." His features, whiskers and all, were perfectly real, and so near, that, had he breathed, I should have felt the breath on my cheek. His presence has since been a source of much inspiration to me in days of trial. After this came five other faces in rapid succession, each as natural as life. A few moments later a flood of light illuminated the room and the wall seemed to disappear, and in its place I saw a steep hill, and coming up the hill was the Christ carrying a heavy cross. Behind him, all dressed in beautiful white garments, were about a hundred spirits, and I heard a voice saying, "Take up your cross and follow me!" This symbol at the time had a great meaning for me.

A Modern Miracle

Following is an experience in psychic healing. I had suffered for years with severe headaches, and for awhile past they had been getting worse and more frequent, until at last I thought I should actually go insane with pain. One night, having been awakened with another of the terrible headaches coming on, I jumped out of bed, and going to the medicine chest, took out a bottle of carbolic acid. Returning to my room, I sat on the edge of the bed about to swallow it, when I heard my

name called out as loud as any person in the room might speak it, "Florence, Florence, Florence!", three times distinctly.

I looked up and there at the foot of the bed stood the Christ. I reached out my hand to him, but he would not allow me to touch him. "Try and stand it a little while longer, then I will come for you," he said. With this he disappeared, and I went back to bed. As I lay there thinking, an angel appeared, dressed in white and gold, with beautiful wings. Coming over to me, she placed a laurel wreath on my head and vanished. This visitation gave me courage to endure the trial of the headaches, which usually lasted for about three days, during which time my head would feel like a stone, and my hair would turn pure white in patches. These continued for about two years longer, when I dreamed one night that I was out walking in a most beautiful park. I looked up and saw coming toward me the figure of the Christ. Instantly the thought swept over me that if I might only touch him, I should be healed. I went down the path to meet him and he stopped in front of me, and, as I stood there before him, again the thought flashed through my brain. "Will he let me touch him this time?" I raised my hand slowly and let it rest on his arm. There was no need for words. He knew my desire, and raising his eyes to mine, he smilingly answered, "Yes!" Since that time, and this happened some years ago, I have never had a recurrence of those awful headaches.

A Fateful Premonition

The sun shone brightly, the birds were singing,
Amid children's voices gaily ringing,
Yet my heart was heavy with thoughts of dread
That moved like spectres of the dead.

* * * * *

Many people have premonitions, which are usually a sign of the awakening of the spiritual faculty. Most people pay little or no attention to them, and consequently after awhile they cease. As a rule I always see everything that is to happen, but a few times I have had premonitions of impending events, without the vision of what was to occur.

One morning I awoke with a heart as heavy as lead, and so depressed that it was difficult for me to breathe. I sought diversion in various ways to try and throw off this feeling, but it was of no use, it clung to me just the same.

I had a little friend in the person of a young boy, whose father and mother had befriended me in years gone by, and I thought as much of him as if he were my own brother. His name was Mark Robertson. I had been talking with him the day before, and as usual he had been telling me a funny story about his "freak" horse. He was delivering milk, and had left his horse standing while he went in to serve a customer. When he came out, he found a young lady in tears. It seems she had been standing on the curb talking to a companion, when the horse walked up and took a mouthful of bright red roses off her hat and was calmly chewing them up as Mark appeared on the scene. I will never forget how comical he looked standing there in the full flush

of young life, telling me this. It was the last time I ever saw him alive. That afternoon he and two other boys of his own age went out in a boat off Swampscott Pier for a sail, and while trying to turn the boat around in a heavy gale they were unable to manage it, and it overturned, throwing them all into the icy waters. A fisherman who witnessed the tragedy was too far away to render assistance. All that ever came ashore were the caps the boys wore.

The next morning I was informed that the boys were missing, and I at once knew the cause of my premonition. That night after retiring, I had just gotten into bed, when I heard Mark's voice calling, "Flossie, Flossie, I am drowning!" and he began pulling me down into the icy waters. I could hear the roar and splashing of the waves as distinctly as if I had been there on the scene. I said to him, "Oh, Mark, you must not do this; you are already drowned, and are in the spirit life. Don't you remember when I used to talk to you of the after-life you would only smile and say, 'Well, it may be true, but I don't understand?' Now you are in a position to understand it, for you are actually in spirit life. I don't want you to forget me, and if sometime you can send me a message, I shall be glad to receive it." The truth of what I told him evidently dawned upon him, for he instantly vanished from sight.

He was a great boy to draw pictures. He made some very wonderful pencil drawings, but as his parents were in poor circumstances, he saw no future for himself in art. Since his entrance into spirit life, he has become a wonderful artist. Only a couple of months ago he came to me to

exhibit his latest painting. It was, I should judge, about nine by eleven feet in size, and was a scene executed on the planet Venus. I never saw such coloring in an earthly painting. It was a representation of sunken gardens by the side of a beautiful lake, taken while an opalescent light illuminated the water, and the blue sky overhead was dotted with a galaxy of stars, that appeared to twinkle even on the canvas. It was a reproduction rather than a painting, transcending anything known to art in this world.

I have learned that one has advantages on the subjective planes which they cannot possibly have here — advantages for the development of genius along every known line, and many lines unknown as yet to the world. On my next trip, I shall visit this young artist in his studio.

Coming Events Cast Their Shadows

What is to be will be, though often hidden.
In vision comes to view the scene unbidden,
To settle doubt and point the future way,
Which, despite will or wish, we must obey.
Is this that spins and cuts the thread, then, fate—
A vengeful destiny which we await?
We sowed the seed that grew the flax, and spun
The threads upon the spindle, every one.
We forged the shears, on the anvil of years,
And edged them sharp with our doubts and our fears.
So our every loss and every winning
Harks back to that long forgotten spinning,
And if today we reap the past sowing,
Tomorrow's harvest is already growing.

* * * * *

I will now recount a dream pertaining to the search for Truth. We were living in a little cottage among the pines, and one Saturday afternoon my husband was going down the path to take the

car for Lawrence, intending to remain over Sunday. As I waved my hand to him from the veranda, I was conscious of my soul speaking to me, and it said, "That is the way you will walk away from each other."

My whole being cried out in resentment against this impression, and I tried to convince myself that such a thing could not be, and I endeavored to forget it then and there. But that night I had the following dream: He and I were out walking in a lovely meadow. The trees were arrayed in their new spring garments of green, and the hills on either side the valley through which we passed were abloom with violets and other flowers. As we walked along I thought we were having a discussion, and it seemed we could not come to an agreement, and hence we decided it would be best to separate and each go his own way. So, standing there in that beautiful valley, I kissed him goodby, and he went slowly up the hill, as I stood watching him. When he arrived at the top, he turned and waved his hand to me, and I waved back to him. Thereupon he passed from sight.

Turning, I saw standing by my side his father, mother and grandmother, and they were all weeping. I said, "It is better so." And as I walked through the valley alone, I did not know which way to go. Suddenly there appeared before me a beautiful angel. Her dress was of blue and gold, and her wings touched the ground. In her hand she carried a golden staff. I stood looking at her in amazement, and as I did so she pointed up to heaven, where I saw extending from the sky to my feet a golden search-light. At the top of the

search-light was a golden casket. At once I knew that this symbol meant for me to search for Truth. I turned to kneel at her feet, and she had disappeared, then I awoke.

I have learned in my psychic experience to distinguish between spirits, those who have heretofore lived on the earth-plane, and angels who appear only as messengers of God himself. The former always appear in natural human form without wings, the latter always in some supernal aspect, and invariably with wings. As it is written in the scriptures, "I will send my messenger to prepare the way before me."

Four years after this, the psychic dream just narrated came true. I was trying in a most innocent and legitimate way to illumine the pathway of a darkened soul, trying to restore the balance of reason and inspire a measure of hope and faith in life, when, to my perfect astonishment, I was met with a tirade of the most terrible and unmerited accusations from my husband. I was completely upset, and again my life hung in the balance. It was either the mad-house or freedom. Try as I would to restore him to reason, and quench the fire which he had so vindictively started, he only continued to add more fuel to the flames. One night as I sat alone trying to decide what to do, I saw myself standing on the front steps of the house watching the brightly shining sun. As I continued to gaze, a mist spread over everything so that even the sun was darkened, and I could scarcely see through the deepening fog.

I shaded my eyes with my hand and looked down the road, and there I saw my husband driv-

ing a pair of black horses and carriage. I seemed to understand the symbol perfectly, and I asked, "Why has all this to be?" And there appeared before me what seemed to be rows of large spools, all of different colors, standing on end, and leading upward like a flight of steps. Many of them proved to be only imitation spools, there being only one wooden spool in each row. It was left to my intuition to divine which were the substantial wooden spools, on which I must step if I were to arrive at the top. There was also another way to reach the top of the eminence other than the incline up which the spools were placed, but it was a long ways around. I saw that my husband had chosen that way, but that it was for me to go the shorter way. Without hesitation I placed my foot first upon a blue spool, which was Truth, and then a yellow one, which was Intuition, and so on. With the utmost assurance I stepped from spool to spool, and was soon at the top, without a mishap.

On arriving, I beheld a most wonderful sight. There walked men and women hand in hand, naked and unashamed. Near at hand were pools of placid waters where all bathed together as blissfully innocent as babes. Aquariums of gold-fishes were scattered here and there throughout the verdant valley. There were to be seen white marble buildings three and four stories high, with limpid waters pouring from their lofty porches like mighty fountains. Gigantic trees were scattered over the wide expanse, all in purple blossoms which hung in great clusters fully two feet in length. Little children were seen whose beautiful bodies shone resplendently, radiating wisdom. In

the vista were visible a series of wonderful, sunken gardens, each modelled on some different and original design, together with acres upon acres of magnificent cedar trees, glinting with green and gold, loftier than the cedars of Lebanon.

Such a sight of beauty could be imagined only as existing on some planet remote from earth, and it filled my soul with rapture and caused my being to thrill with feelings of sublimity and peace. Who would not mount the steps to view this wondrous land of peace and freedom, where Truth reigns supreme? Not every one, to be sure, is ready for the steps — many must travel the long road of experience, but ALL will arrive some time.

The vision faded and I rose from my chair, and lay down to rest. A few weeks later found me alone in the world as regards human companionship, but not alone in spirit. Since that time, every day has been a day of prayer for deeper illumination of Truth. I often thank God from my heart that I have courage and the will to be and to remain alone.

An Astral Automobile Ride

Let those who will with pleasure fill
The time of their earthly mission,
There's a higher love, for those above
Who rise to that condition.
Life is a school and many a fool
Is wasting the precious chance,
Given all for a test, it must be confessed,
Like snails they seem to advance.

* * * * *

Everyone advancing along the path of unfoldment becomes the recipient of many symbolic

visions which are given him for encouragement. I remember one evening I sat curled up in a big chair, reading a book on Truth, when I fell asleep and dreamed that I heard a rap on the door, which I opened, and there stood the beautiful spirit of a youth of about seventeen. He was dressed in white, etherial garments, with sandals on his feet. I spoke to him, and said, "Good evening, won't you come in?" He said, "Florence, I have brought my automobile to take you for a ride."

As he stepped a little to one side, I beheld the most beautiful, solid silver automobile imaginable. Everything was of silver but the seats, which were of gold, and it was illuminated by hundreds of little electric lights, red, white and blue in color. I stood speechless, filled with admiration. "Who would not want to ride in such a beautiful car!" I exclaimed. Then I glanced down at my garments to see if they were clean, so that they would not soil the car in any way, and was surprised to note that they were of the same etherial substance as his, only mine were yellow and white, while his were pure white.

He assisted me into the car, taking his seat by my side, and immediately we dashed down the road, through the city, and out into the country. The appearance of the car fascinated me, so that for once I was not attracted by the passing scenery. After awhile we drew up on the shore of a large lake. It was a beautiful sheet of water, placid and smooth as glass, the surface undisturbed by a single ripple.

He then led me across a strip of green lawn and there suspended perpendicularly and waving

in the air was a rope ladder, which I knew was meant for me to climb, and yet it seemed to me no human being could accomplish the feat. I looked at him as he wended his way back to the auto, and I felt that I dared not return a failure. I hesitated but a moment and then, grasping the sides of the ladder firmly, I began to climb rung after rung. When about half way up I stopped, apparently to look back, but I was afraid I should get dizzy and fall, so on I went. Finally I reached the top and there, stretched down to meet me, was the hand of LOVE. Clasped in its strong arms, I awoke.

The Lighthouse of Truth

Oft, in our toilsome days,
We come
To the parting of the ways,
And some
Invisible guide appears
To show
The path through the coming years.
We go
On to old age, from our youth,
Learning
The lessons of higher truth,
Returning
Again and again to earth;
Perfecting
That which alone is of worth,
Rejecting
All the rest as vanity,
Expressing
That foolish insanity,
Obsessing
The whole of humanity.

* * * * *

I have found that just in the degree that we open ourselves to the inflow of spiritual vitality and power, just in that degree will we receive.

One evening as I sat in the silence with eyes closed to material objects, I saw appearing before me a bridge connecting the material and spiritual worlds, and I seemed to stand with one foot on the material and the other on the spiritual plane. As I did so, I gazed beyond and saw a happy group of spirit friends, all gowned in immaculate whiteness, tripping joyously along together hand in hand, and heard a band of music that thrilled me through and through. I saw approaching a car, somewhat resembling our electric car, and in this were seated the members of the band, all young men dressed in white and gold uniforms of dazzling beauty. All their instruments were apparently of gold and silver, and they were playing a celestial symphony, more exquisite by far than any earthly music I had ever heard. I was so enthralled by these heavenly strains, that I actually, for the time being, left my body and floated out in the astral form, borne upon the vibrant harmonies.

As the music ceased, I returned to my body, and as I lay thinking of my experience, I fell asleep, and dreamed that I was standing at the cross-roads. Two divergent paths lay before me, both illumined by the shining sun as far as the eye could reach. But as I stood trying to determine which one to take, shading my eyes with my hand and looking far into the distance, I detected in one of them a small, black speck. At this I shuddered, and instantly turned to look at the other path, which appeared more golden still in the sunlight. Then, a short distance ahead, I beheld a large, white-stone building, about six stories high. At the windows were to be seen

iron bars, and I thought to myself, what can such a beautiful building possibly want with iron bars at the windows? This looked a little ominous to me and I turned to look again down the other path, and was amazed to see that the speck had developed into a black forest, not merely dark, but pitch black. I shuddered again, and as I looked down at the footprints on the sand, I realized that I had just emerged from that dark place, which looked more like a dungeon than anything else.

So, without further hesitation, I walked along the golden path, and as I looked up at the window again, I was surprised to see there the face of my mother appearing between the bars. She waved her handkerchief to me as though in distress. With a bound I dashed up the front steps, and swung open the big iron doors to look for the stairs, when to my astonishment, I gazed into a lion's den. The big, angry beasts were growling, walking back and forth. The only possible approach to the stairs was to go through this den of lions. I stood there with my hand on the iron-barred gate, and stared calmly into the eyes of the beasts, until they began to huddle peaceably into one corner. Then, cautiously I opened the gate and stepped into the den, never for a moment removing my eyes from the beasts. Locking the gate behind me, I crossed the large den, and opening the opposite gate, stepped safely out.

Rushing up the stairs, I found mother, and picking her up in my arms, came down the stairs, and once more passed through the lion's den, and out into the sunlight again, where I put her down in the Path of Truth and walked on. As I con-

tinued on down the path, I prayed for more illumination and saw in the distance a golden ball of soft, yellow light, whereupon I stood quite still and it began to come nearer and nearer, until at last I had to move back a few steps to admire it. It proved to be a light-house of marvelous construction. I put forth my hand to touch what appeared to be the solid brick, and I observed that they were made altogether of precious stones. I was satisfied, for I realized this to be the light of Truth, and with this thought, I awoke.

A Vision of the Land of Freedom

Filled with the vision of freedom's land,
At the foot of the mountain I stand,
Others I see there gazing on high,
But without wings, attempting to fly—
Thoughtless the icy path essaying
The penalty of their ignorance paying,
Blind to the footprints of all sages,
Imbedded in the rock of ages.
This is a path "no vulture's eye hath seen"
Trodden by few indeed the path has been
Only those guided by higher reason
Discern the way, or place, or season.

* * * * *

The following dream which I had some time later I consider very wonderful. It has been the means of giving me great courage in my climb upward.

I fell asleep one night and dreamed I was dressing to attend a party. On arriving at my friend's house where the party was to be held, I saw that the house and grounds had been beautifully illuminated for the occasion, and I was ushered into the parlor where a merry crowd had assembled. I sat down for a few moments, and

then, as I do not ever care to mingle in crowds, I quietly slipped out and shut the door, intending to crawl away by myself somewhere. I walked through a long hall, and seeing a door at the opposite end, I opened it to find myself at the head of a flight of stairs. I closed the door and began descending. As I did so, I examined the steps closely, and found that they consisted of large, square stones, so ancient that they were crumbling into dust. At the foot of the stairs the sand was of a reddish color, and the room into which the stairway emerged appeared to be in a condition of decay, everything looked so very, very old. I walked around the cellar, and out from somewhere came my wonderful red Indian. I looked at him and said, "I am so glad to see you again; I did not know that you were down here." Just then a lovely Indian maiden appeared. As she greeted me, she informed me that her name was "Water Lily."

"And do you live in this ancient place?" I asked.

"No," she replied, "but we are both here to see you."

"Tell me," I said, "about this strange place."

She pointed in front of her, and there appeared a very high mountain, covered with ice and snow. Trying to climb this mountain were quite a number of people, crawling on their hands and knees. The more they struggled to advance the more they slipped back.

"Why are they trying to climb that mountain, and what is there at the top?" I asked.

"The Land of Freedom," she said.

As she said this I looked down in the sand

and saw two footprints. I turned away from her, and walking around the large cellar where we were, I followed these footprints round and round, until I realized that I, too, was climbing that same mountain to the Land of Freedom. But in my path there was neither snow nor ice, nothing but sunshine, and the two footprints in the sand.

I walked on and on, and had got about half way up the mountain when I was met by an old man with a long, white beard, staff in hand. Looking at him, I said, "Who are you?" And he replied, "Reason." Then he took me by the hand and said, "Where are you going?" I replied that I was going to the same place those people were endeavoring to reach, but seeing these two footprints in the sand, I followed them, knowing that I could never arrive at the top by trying to climb the mountain of snow and ice.

The old man said to me, "You are right; all who hope to arrive must come this way."

I said to him, "I see but two footprints; have only two people arrived in that Land of Freedom?"

"It was ages and ages ago," he replied, "that these last two people climbed this mountain together — a man and a woman."

As he said this he pointed to the top, and looking, I saw standing there, their arms entwined about each other, with a bright halo encircling their heads, a man and a woman.

I said to him eagerly, "I want to go there too, but before I go, tell me, should I not go to those who are trying to climb the mountain by the icy path, and tell them to follow the footprints as I have done?"

"No," he replied, "they must seek the right path for themselves; no one can save another." Thereupon we started to finish the journey together up the mountain to the Land of Freedom, and I awoke.

This dream reminds me so much of one of Olive Schreiner's that I have since read, that I here insert it for the benefit of those who have not already read it, to show that others have had similar visions of the Land of Freedom.

As I traveled across an African plain the sun shone down hotly. Then I drew my horse up under a mimosa tree, and I took the saddle from him and left him to feed among the parched bushes. And all to the right and left stretched the brown earth. And I sat down under the tree, because the heat beat fiercely, and all along the horizon the air throbbed. And after awhile a heavy drowsiness came over me, and I laid my head against my saddle, and fell asleep there. And in my sleep, I had a curious dream.

I thought I stood on the border of a great desert, and the sand blew about everywhere. And I thought I saw two great figures like beasts of burden of the desert, and one lay upon the sand with its neck stretched out, and one stood by it. And I looked curiously at the one that lay on the ground, for it had a great burden on its back, and the sand was thick about it so that it seemed to have piled over it for centuries.

And I looked very curiously at it. And there stood one beside me watching. And I said to him, "What is this huge creature who lies here on the sand?" And he said, "This is a woman; she who bears men in her body." And I said, "Why does she lie here motionless with the sand piling around her?" And he answered, "Listen, I will tell you! Ages and ages long she has lain here, and the wind has blown over her. The oldest, oldest man living has never seen her move; the oldest, oldest book records that she lay here then, as she lies here now, with the sand about her. But listen! Older than the oldest book, older than the oldest recorded memory of man, on the Rocks of Language, on the hard-baked clay of Ancient Customs, now crumbling to decay, are found the marks of her footsteps! Side by side with him who stands beside her you may trace them; and you know that she who lies there once wandered free over the rocks with him."

And I said, "Why does she lie there now?"

And he said, "I take it, ages ago the Age-of-dominion-of-muscular-force found her, and when she stooped low to give suck to her young, and her back was broad, he put his burden of subjection on to it, and tied it on with the broad band of Inevitable Necessity. Then she looked at the earth and the sky, and knew there was no hope for her; and she lay down on the sand with the burden she could not loosen. Ever since she has lain here. And the ages have come, and the ages have gone, but the band of Inevitable Necessity has not been cut." And I looked and saw in her eyes the terrible patience of the centuries; the ground was wet with her tears, and her nostrils blew up the sand.

And I said, "Has she ever tried to move?"

And he said, "Sometimes a limb has quivered. But she is wise; she knows she cannot rise with the burden on her."

And I said, "Why does not HE who stands by her leave her and go on?"

And he said, "He cannot. Look —"

And I saw a broad band passing along the ground from one to the other, and it bound them together.

He said, "While she lies there, he must stand and look across the desert."

And I said, "Does he know why he cannot move?"

And he said, "No."

And I heard a sound of something cracking, and I looked, and I saw the band that bound the burden on to her back broken asunder: and the burden rolled on to the ground.

And I said, "What is this?"

And he said, "The Age-of-muscular-force is dead. The Age-of-nervous-force has killed him with the knife he holds in his hand; and silently and invisibly he has crept up to the woman, and with that knife of Mechanical Invention he has cut the band that bound the burden to her back. The Inevitable Necessity is broken. She might rise now."

And I saw that she still lay motionless on the sand, with her eyes open and her neck stretched out. And she seemed to look for something on the far-off border of the desert that never came. And I wondered if she were awake or asleep. And as I looked her body quivered, and a light came into her eyes, like when a sunbeam breaks into a dark room.

I said, "What is it?"

He whispered, "Hush! the thought has come to her, 'Might I not rise'?"

And I looked. And she raised her head from the sand, and I saw the dent where her neck had lain so long.

And she looked at the earth, and she looked at the sky, and she looked at him who stood by her; but he looked out across the desert.

And I saw her body quiver; and she pressed her front knees to the earth, and veins stood out; and I cried, "She is going to rise!"

But only her sides heaved, and she lay still where she was.

But her head she held up; she did not lay it down again. And he beside me said, "She is very weak. See, her legs have been crushed under her long."

And I saw the creature struggle; and the drops stood out on her.

And I said, "Surely he who stands beside her will help her?"

And he beside me answered, "He cannot help her; SHE MUST HELP HERSELF. Let her struggle 'till she is strong."

And I cried, "At least he will not hinder her! See, he moves farther from her, and tightens the cord between them, and he drags her DOWN."

And he answered, "He does not understand. When she moves she draws the band that binds them, and hurts him, and he moves further from her. The day will come when he will understand, and will know what she is doing. Let her once stagger to her knees. In that day he will stand close to her, and look into her eyes with sympathy." And she stretched her neck, and the drops fell from her. And the creature rose an inch from the earth and sank back.

And I cried, "Oh, she is too weak! she cannot walk! The long years have taken all her strength from her. Can she never move?"

And he answered me, "See the light in her eyes!"

And slowly the creature staggered on to its knees.

* * * * *

And I awoke; and all to the east and to the west stretched the barren earth, with the dry bushes on it. The ants ran up and down in the red sand, and the heat beat fiercely. I looked up through the thin branches of the tree at the blue sky overhead. I stretched myself, and I mused over the dream I had had. And I fell asleep again, with my head on my saddle. And in the fierce heat I had another dream.

I saw a desert and I saw a woman coming out of it. And she came to the bank of a dark river; and the bank was steep and high. And on it an old man met her, who had a long white beard; and a stick that curled was in his hand, and on it was written "Reason". And he asked

her what she wanted; and she said, "I am a woman; and I am seeking for the land of FREEDOM."

And he said, "It is before you."

And she said, "I see nothing before me but a dark flowing river, and a bank steep and high, and cuttings here and there with heavy sand in them."

And he said, "And beyond that?"

And she said, "I see nothing, but sometimes, when I shade my eyes with my hand, I think I see on the further bank trees and hills, and the sun shining on them!"

He said, "That is the land of FREEDOM."

She said, "How am I to get there?"

He said, "There is one way, and one only. Down the banks of Labor through the water of SUFFERING. There is no other."

She said, "Is there no bridge?"

He answered, "None."

She said, "Is the water deep?"

He said, "Very deep."

She said, "Is the floor worn?"

He said, "It is. Your foot may slip at any time, and you may be lost."

She said, "Have any crossed already?"

He said, "Some have TRIED!"

She said, "Is there a track to show where the best fording is?"

He said, "It has to be made."

She shaded her eyes with her hand; and she said, "I will go."

And he said, "You must take off the clothes you wore in the desert; they are dragged down by them who go into the water so clothed."

And she threw from her gladly the mantle of Ancient-received-opinions she wore, for it was worn full of holes. And she took the girdle from her waist that she had treasured so long, and the moths flew out of it in a cloud. And he said, "Take the shoes of Dependence off your feet." And she stood there naked, but for one WHITE garment that clung close to her.

And he said, "That you may keep. So they wear clothes in the land of FREEDOM. In the water it buoys; it always swims."

And I saw on its breast was written TRUTH; and it was white; the sun had not often shone upon it, the other clothes had covered it up. And he said, "Take this stick; hold it fast. In that day when it slips from your hand you are lost. Put it down before you; feel your way."

And she said, "I am ready; let me go."

And he said, "No — but stay; what is that — in your breast?"

She was silent.

He said, "Open it, and let me see."

And she opened it. And against her breast was a tiny thing, who drank from it, and the yellow curls above his forehead pressed against it; and his knees were drawn up to her, and he held her breasts fast with his hands. And REASON said, "Who is he, and what is he doing here?"

And she said, "See his little wings—"

And REASON said, "Put him down."

And she answered, "He is asleep, and he is drinking! I will carry him to the land of FREEDOM. He has been a child so long, so long I have carried him. In the land of FREEDOM, he will be a man. We will walk together there, and his great white wings will overshadow me. He has lisped one word only to me in the desert, PASSION! I have dreamed he might learn to say FRIENDSHIP in that land."

And REASON said, "Put him DOWN!"

And she said, I will carry him so — with one arm, and with the other I will fight the water."

He said, "Lay him down on the ground. When you are in the water you will forget to fight, you will think only of him. Lay him down." He said, "He will not die. When he finds you have left him alone, he will open his wings and fly. He will be in the land of FREEDOM before you. Those who reach the land of FREEDOM, the first hand they see stretching down the bank to help them shall be LOVE'S. He will be a man then, not a child. In your breast he cannot thrive; put him down that he may grow."

And she took her bosom from his mouth, and he bit her, so that the blood ran down on the ground. And she laid him down on the earth; and she covered her wound. And she bent and stroked his wings. And I saw the hair on her forehead turn white as snow, and she had changed from youth to age.

And she stood far off on the bank of the river. And she said, "For what do I go to this far land which no one has ever reached? OH, I AM ALONE! I AM UTTERLY ALONE!" And REASON, that old man, said to her, "Silence! what do you hear?"

And she listened intently, and she said, "I hear a sound of feet, a thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, and they beat this way." He said, "They are the feet of those that shall follow you. Lead on! make a track to the water's edge! Where you stand now, the ground will be beaten flat by ten thousand times ten thousand feet." And he said, "Have you seen the locusts how they cross a stream? First one comes down

to the water's edge, and it is swept away, and then comes another, and then another, and then another, and at last with their bodies piled up a bridge is built and the rest pass over."

She said, "And of those that come first, some are swept away, and are heard of no more; their bodies do not even build the bridge?" "And what of that?" he said "And what of that?" she said. "They make a track to the water's edge." And she said, "Over that bridge which shall be built with our bodies, who will pass?"

He said, "The ENTIRE RACE."

And the woman grasped her staff.

And I saw her turn down that dark path to the river.

* * * * *

And I awoke; and all about me was the yellow afternoon light; the sinking sun lit up the fingers of the milk bushes; and my horse stood by me quietly feeding. And I turned on my side, and I watched the ants run by thousands in the red sand. I thought I would go on my way now—the afternoon was cooler. Then a drowsiness crept over me again and I laid back my head and fell asleep.

And I dreamed a dream.

I dreamed I saw a land. And on the hills walked brave men and brave women hand in hand. And they looked into each other's eyes, and they were not afraid.

And I saw the women also hold each other's hands.

And I said to him besides me, "What place is this?"

And he said, "This is heaven."

And I said, "Where is it?"

And he answered, "On earth."

And I said, "When shall these things be?"

And he answered, "IN THE NEAR FUTURE."

And I awoke, and all about me was the sunset light; and on the low hills the sun lay, and a delicious coolness had crept over everything; and the ants were going slowly home. And I walked toward my horse, who stood quietly feeding. Then the sun passed down behind the hills; but I knew that the next day he would rise again.

—Taken from Olive Schreiner's book, entitled "Three Dreams."

An Astral Visit to Mars

From out the confines of my earthly home
Asleep, I lightly slip,
And, clothed in astral form, at will I roam
On a marvelous ship.
The earth appears a yawning gulf, and soon
As on and on we fly,
Assumes the aspect of a giant moon.
We go so very high.
No sense remains of height, depth or direction
Nor, I might say, of aught
But growing astral orbs and their reflection.
And thus it was I sought
A landing on the crimson shores of Mars,
Planet of mystery,
Strange wanderer 'mid a host of glittering stars,
To gain its history.
Raphael, thrice-master of aerial realms,
Afforded me this trip
Whose wondrous revelations sense o'erwhelms.

* * * * *

My next, and in some respects most remarkable, psychic experience, was a trip to the planet Mars. I retired as usual this night, and falling asleep, I heard three loud raps on my door, and said, "Come in!" As no one appeared, I arose, and opened the door, and standing there was the same young man I previously rode with in the silver automobile.

He said that he had some friends down stairs whom he wanted me to meet, so I passed out of the door and was about to go down stairs, when I bethought myself that I had not closed the door, and returned to my room to do this. As I did so, I plainly saw my body lying on the bed asleep. I looked at myself and then at the body, and I said, "I am here and I am there also," and it then occurred to me that I had separated myself before from my body, so closing the door, I rejoined my

companion. We passed out of the front door and down the steps, and there, waiting for us, was an airship, in which were seated two friends of the young man. Both greeted me pleasantly, and my companion assisted me to get seated, placing me with my back to the two fellows, he facing me in the opposite direction.

This airship that we were in was of the ancient Atlantean type, but much smaller, seating just four passengers comfortably. When we started, I could hear the buzz and vibration of the motor as we sped upward in the air. We soon attained a terrific speed, going so fast and so quickly that one had a sensation of being at rest.

My companion said to me, "If you wish, you can look over the car on the places we are passing and I will call out their names to you." I replied that I did not care to do this, that I was enjoying the ride. But I could not seem to understand why I had been seated with my back to the others, so that I had to look backward while they looked forward. With this thought in mind, I turned round quickly, and as I did so my breath was nearly cut off, so tremendous was the rate of speed at which we were going. Gasping for breath, I quickly turned back, realizing then well enough why I had been placed in that position. This experience taught me that one really breathes on astral-flights, as long as the soul remains attached to the natural body.

In what seemed a marvelously short space of time my companion announced that we had arrived at our destination. They assisted me out of the machine, and I stepped on what appeared to be a nebulous substance, and as I gazed about

me, I got the impression that we were on a comparatively new planet, just in the process of formation. This impression was gained from an observation of the novel method of production. Things were not growing out of the ground as on the earth, but everything appeared to be hidden and to be brought forth as desired by magical processes.

We walked hand in hand over the ground which in places was very rough. All at once I remarked that I was hungry. My companion made a few passes in the air with his hands, and there appeared a tree, and on the tree a fruit which resembled our cocoanuts. He picked one and cut open the top with a knife and held it out to me, saying, "Drink!" I placed it to my lips and drank the contents, which was like thick cream. I found it very refreshing, and asked if I might be permitted to pick one to carry home. Thereupon he placed another in my hand, which I carried with me all the time I was on the trip, but was disappointed to find that I did not have it when I awoke.

Then he took me to see some wonderful canals that were under process of construction, and I saw that the workers were possessed of what we would term magical power also, for whenever they wanted to move anything like a heavy machine, they would make certain passes in the air, and instantly the object would be lifted, or moved according to their wish.

As this trip was mostly symbolic of alchemic processes, I will not attempt to relate here all that I saw, as, without due explanation, it would not be intelligible. However, I may say there were

the jet-black Crow, with the gold-lined wings, the pure white Doves of Diana building their nest in the tree of Yggdrasil, the Golden Swans sailing away on the crystalline sea of Amaranth, and the blood-red Phoenix rising from the heart of the Sun. The men of Mars are men of wonderful appearance, and unexcelled in wisdom. They were dressed in long, flowing robes of purple, with saffron sandals on their feet.

As I saw them, they were engaged in uncovering casket after casket of wonderful treasures, of which I shall have occasion to speak more in the future. After viewing some most astonishing things, I announced that I was ready to return, and was conducted once more to the airship, placed as before with my back to the party, whereupon we began our trip back to earth. I awoke gasping for breath, alarmed at my rapidly beating heart which was struggling to regain its normal vibration as consciousness slowly returned.

In aspiring to these journeys, which are popularly called "soul-flights," though a much better term might be invented for them, one should content himself at first with short flights about this earth, before essaying longer ones to the planets, as he can thus acquire the knowledge of a most important matter, that of again recovering consciousness in the corporeal form, after it has been discarded by the astral. It is, after a long absence, difficult to steady the fluttering heart, and restore it to its accustomed vibration, and frequently, if one is not already an adept, this connection may be permanently severed. It is not a business for amateurs to experiment with.

I myself have no difficulty whatever in visiting

any place I wish. For instance, I recently took a trip from Florida to one of the Northern states to the home of my former husband, where I found him eating supper with his companion, and stood near enough to touch him, and hear their conversation. I saw distinctly what they had for lunch even. They were, of course, wholly unaware of my presence. People bound up in materiality, before the spiritual faculty awakens, may be said to be as blind as bats, and as thick as a stone wall. They little know what is going on about them. If they only knew that every movement was observed, and every thought was known, they would be more careful of what they do and think.

When, as I intend later to do, I shall have placed at the disposition of my readers the facts of existence on these distant planes as they have been revealed to me in various astral-flights, it will prove not only a revelation, but will be a revolution of existing theories, most of which are naturally wide of the mark. That people live on all the planets, each and every race differing widely in appearance, in habits, occupations, and, more than all, in mental status, is a fact that has come under my repeated observation. A complete study of these races will be possible only through a deeper unfoldment of the psychic faculty of man.

Restoration of the Christ

A woman's form at dawn is seen
  Keeping her vigil by the tomb.
What can the sign and symbol mean
  But that her light dispels the gloom?
For Christ lies dead until reborn
  Within the woman's heart of love,
Then comes the resurrection morn
  And angels sing their songs above.
By her, the word is preached to men
  In the coming dispensation,
And Christ is only born again
  Through her divine creation.

* * * * *

My next dream I found to be a very good lesson to me in another way. I dreamed I was walking through a large building in the center of which were long corridors with rooms on either side. As I passed one certain room, I noticed the door slightly ajar. I looked in, and on the bed lay the most beautiful baby boy I had ever seen. Pushing the door further open, I walked over to the baby and picking it up in my arms pressed it to my heart, laying it down again reluctantly.

I shall never forget the vision of that child, its little head a cluster of golden curls, its large violet-blue eyes shining like stars, and the little cheeks looking like the rosy-red cheek of an apple. I gazed long and earnestly at the lovely babe, wishing it were mine. I stepped out again into the hall, and closing the door walked on further, when I came to another door ajar. I looked in and there on the bed lay the Virgin Mary. I recognized her by her features and the halo about her head, having had a previous vision of her. I went up to the bed, and said, "What, you here, sick in bed, and you the Virgin Mary! Why are

you sick?" She pointed to a glass casket that was on the bed, and looking in this I saw lying there the Christ-child, dead!

Even in my dream I understood the symbol. Opening the casket, I took the dead baby in my arms, kissed it, and pressed it to my warm breast repeatedly, until it began to move, and after a little while to coo and smile at me. Then I gave it back to the mother, who was immediately made well, and rose from the bed. Again I walked down the hall and outside the building, where a crowd of people was standing. I went over to them and said, "What are you all waiting for?" And they replied, "We are waiting for a minister, who is to be chosen to preach to us." Just then a messenger from heaven dropped down beside me, and placing a scroll in my hand, disappeared. I realized when I had brought the dead Christ-child to life that it had an important meaning, but the full significance did not dawn upon me until the scroll was placed in my hands and then I knew I was the chosen one. Looking long at the scroll which I held, I led the way to a small white marble temple that stood close by, and as we were going up the steps I observed on the door three golden figures, "999," whereupon I awoke. The number nine is the symbol of mastership, and three nines signify "Thrice Master."

A Trip to Grandmother's Spirit Home

I visioned the viewless unseen,
I beheld what seers only see.
I scanned the long vistas between,
And fathomed life's mystery.

* * * * *

One Tuesday afternoon, while alone, busy, sewing in my little home, I was surprised to hear

a sweet voice say, "I want my sister Florence." Looking around, I saw standing in the doorway my baby sister, Laura, who had passed over some years before. I held out my arms to her, and, as she came toward me smiling, I observed that she was carrying in her hand a basket of white lilies.

She came to my side and placing the basket on my lap said, "I picked these lilies for you from grandma's garden, and she sent you this message with her love: 'Friday night.'" I bent down to press a kiss on her sweet, little face, and was about to clasp her in my arms when she vanished from sight.

"Friday night," I thought to myself, what a strange message! What was to happen Friday? All I could do was to wait patiently and see what would happen. Friday came and went without special occurrence. At night I retired as usual and fell asleep. I was awakened very suddenly by three loud raps on the door. I sat up in bed, and called out, "Come in!" and then, as I looked about the room, I saw no walls, for I could readily see through into the next room and out into the hall. It all appeared like one room. Coming toward me was the spirit of the young man that had taken me on the trips I have related. I arose to greet him. As I did so, I glanced at the clock on the dresser; it was just two o'clock and I had retired at nine. I looked at the bed and my body was still there, apparently asleep.

He took me by the hand and we passed into the hall, and down stairs into the street, from which we began to make our ascent. I said to him, "Is it not strange that I can float up into the air just as you can?"

"No, not strange," he replied, "because you are functioning in your astral body."

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"To see your grandma," he replied.

We had not risen far above the buildings, before we began to meet many people, all of whom appeared to be very busy, some going one way and some another, just as we see them in earth life.

I said to him, "Why, these people act just as they might have done in earth life!"

"Yes," he responded, "they do not yet realize that they are anywhere else but on the earth."

"Is it possible?" I said. "How pitiful! And how long will it be before they awaken to the realization of their condition?"

"They are entering this sphere every day!" he replied. "Some have been here as long as ten years of your time, some fifty years, and some hundreds of years, all unconscious of the fact."

I have never forgotten the impression that this sight and a knowledge of the facts as he revealed them made upon me.

We passed on up higher and entered another plane where the people seemed much different in many ways. They, at least, realized where they were, living there with their loved ones as they did, in beautiful homes. I met there two ladies that I had known in the earth life some years previously. They shook hands with me, and appeared to remember me, as well as though they had just left me a week or so before.

We passed on further and finally stopped at a little white cottage set back on a beautiful lawn, surrounded by the loveliest flower beds I had seen since I left England. I was surprised at the evi-

dence of so much neatness and taste in culture, and such beauty in design as was exhibited in these grounds. As I wandered about, my companion plucked quantities of various blossoms and filled my arms with them.

Glancing at the cottage near by, I saw my grandmother sitting there in her wheel-chair, as natural as life. I ran quickly across the lawn and threw my flowers in her lap, and bending down kissed her dear, sweet face time and again. "Grandma," I said, "I am so glad to see you once more! I haven't seen you for years, but I have thought of you so often. I just knew that we should meet again up here in this lovely world!"

"Yes, child," she said, "I am happy here, but I am worried about you."

"About me," I exclaimed, "worried about me? Why, grandma, what am I doing to cause you to worry?"

"It is nothing you are doing," she replied; "I am worried about your health. Look," she said, "the wild geese are flying over and winter is coming on, and I am so worried about you!"

I looked up, and passing over were hundreds of wild geese wending their way southward.

I said to her, "Grandma, dear, I don't want you to worry about me; I am all right, I am perfectly well. But you worry me, sitting here in this chair. Why do you not get up and walk? You are not living on earth now, and don't have to stay in this old chair. I want to see you up and walking about your beautiful home, and the next time I come to see you, I want you to walk out and meet me. I must be going now, grandma. Goodby."

I stooped to kiss her, and as I did so, my companion came up the steps, and, taking me by the hand, we again started on our journey. We seemed to travel on quite a distance, when we came to a place where I was unable to move. And I said to him, "I cannot move." He smiled and pointed over to the right, where I beheld a marvelous sight. There were beautiful, white marble buildings with large domes, ancient temples, mosques and universities of wonderful architecture, all illumined with a soft yellow light that came from space.

Many people were to be seen, and they were all gowned in flowing white garments, while their faces shone as the sun. I desired to enter this sphere, and because I could not, I began to weep. My tears fell like rain. I looked around for my companion. He had gone. I was left alone. Then I turned to look down on this planet, earth, and a black pall appeared to hang over it, blacker than any black cloud I had ever seen. At this I shuddered, and crying out that I did not want to return to all this darkness, I awoke, actually crying as if my heart would break. It was just six o'clock; thus I had been gone exactly four hours.

Healed by the Power of Faith

And Peter walked upon the wave
Led by a Master hand,
No sinking in a watery grave
When Faith is in command.
"I am the resurrection and the life,
The works I do, are yours." —
Why, then, succumb to earthly strife,
When life eternally endures?

* * * * *

Shortly after this I dreamed that I was in a large body of water, sinking, down, down, and

try as I would, I could not rise. It seemed as though I had gone down fully a quarter of a mile and, just as my foot touched bottom, I looked through the water, and there coming toward me, surrounded with hundreds of baby angels, was the figure of the Christ. Instantly I reached out my hands to him, and together we rose to the surface and walked upon the water. At this point I awoke.

The following winter I was taken ill, and every day I grew worse. Weeks passed into months, and still there was no improvement in my condition. I had had five doctors, and each diagnosed the case differently. They evidently did not know what the trouble was. It was, however, shown me in a vision wherein I saw a waterfall, the outlet of which was choked with stones. This to me plainly meant organic disturbance of the kidneys. Finally an operation was suggested, which I flatly refused to submit to. I was aware that that is the final recourse of ignorant medical practitioners, who wish to pad their fees. If I was to die, I preferred death by another and less painful route.

What I suffered during these long months, God only knows. At last I felt I could stand no more. The nurse hastily called the doctor in the middle of the night, but before he arrived I had a sinking spell, and the cold, clammy, death-sweat and failing pulse indicated that the end was near. As I lay there rapidly losing consciousness, my dream of sinking in the water flashed before me. Never once during all those weeks of pain had I thought of it.

The doctor arrived, and as he sat there watch-

ing me, I began to affirm "Life, life!" This was a difficult thing to do with hardly a breath left, but I reached out with faith into the Christ Consciousness for the life that the Christ had imparted to me when sinking in the water. Before the dawn, the doctor drew a long breath and said, "She is better!" The climax was passed. Some weeks later found me perfectly well and strong, working in a government office, and I have never had a sick day since. Such is the healing power of the Christ, and yet people will scoff and say that the dead are no longer raised, and that the days of miracles have passed!

Passing of the Old Age

"Howl ye; for the day of the LORD is at hand; it shall come as a destruction from the Almighty"—Isaiah 13, 6.

* * * * *

I will now cite a few visions that relate to the coming of the New Jerusalem on earth. In the Apocalypse, that wonderful revelation of St. John, the mystery book of the Bible, we are promised that the old world regimes will be swept away, and an entirely new dispensation set in. According to the prophecy, it is to be an era of peace, love and joy where Christ is to reign on earth a thousand years. There are also prophecies in Daniel, Isaiah, Ezekiel, and other books of the Old Testament which seem to refer to the same event.

Several very able scholars, like Professor Totten, have put their heads to deciphering these prophecies, attempting to solve the chronologies given in the ancient texts, so as to get a clew to

the probable dates that these occurrences may be expected to transpire. It remained for one inspired man, William Redding, to gain, through spiritual insight, the TRUE version of this matter, which he has ably set forth in his work,* "Our Near Future."

Long before I had read Mr. Redding's book, I had visions of this great event, the coming of the Age of Peace, which I will relate. In February of the same year that the war started, I was living under the English flag, when one night I dreamed I stood on rather a high mountain, and looking below, I saw hundreds of people running to and fro as though insane. Some were kneeling in the streets, others appeared very much excited. I walked down from my mountain to enquire of the people what the trouble was — what it was that was making them act so wild, and a woman said to me, "Why, don't you know? Haven't you heard there is war?"

"War?" I said. "Well, what of it? I see no reason to act so wild, because of war!"

I went back up on the mountain thinking that they could run wild if they wanted to, I myself did not care to join in any such a meelee, and while I stood there looking around, a large golden Cross appeared in the sky, and as I watched it there appeared across the arms of it these words, "FLY, FOR MY TIME TO COME IS AT HAND!" I knelt down on the mountain, and raising my hands, exclaimed, "I am SO GLAD, SO GLAD!" Then the Cross disappeared.

Over to the right was a flag-pole, and flying

*"Our Near Future," published by E. Loomis, Peekskill-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

on the breeze was an English flag, and as I looked at it, it suddenly left the pole, and landed at my feet. I stooped to pick it up and as I did so, I again looked back at the pole, and there flying was an American flag. By this I knew that I was to return to America. War was declared, as we all know, on July the 28th, and a few months later I returned to the United States.

The Word of God

"They are made ministers according to the dispensation of God which is given to them for you, to fulfill the word of God."

* * * * *

Two months later, after the dream which I have just narrated, I dreamed that I was standing under an immense olive tree. As I stood there I heard a voice say, "Waiting for the Word of God." In a short time I saw coming toward me two men dressed in long purple robes with sandals on their feet. As they greeted me I was struck with the marked resemblance between the two persons. It was impossible to tell one from the other. As they turned northward to depart down a long, narrow path, illumined by the light of the sun, I observed that even their heads were of the same dimensions, and both bald, exactly alike.

I followed along behind them, and as I did so, I saw coming out from behind the tree where we had been standing, a terrible, evil-looking monster. I was on the point of screaming, when I looked overhead and saw a most beautiful angel clad in white and gold, and in her right hand a golden staff, guarding us three as we went, and I heard a voice say, "He shall give his angels charge

concerning thee." And I awoke. This dream relates to a great event soon to transpire in my experience. These men are like the two witnesses seen by St. John, the revelator. They are to be chosen to lead the elect of God. There is at the present time no man spiritual enough to lead these elect people, but in time these two will appear. This vision emphasizes the fact that the Word of God is nigh and the New Jerusalem is AT HAND.

The Promised Land

> "For behold I create new heavens, and a new earth, and I will rejoice in Jerusalem, and joy in my people; and it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

* * * * *

Quite recently I had a dream of this Promised Land. I myself with a party of friends, took a long journey, and when we arrived at our destination, there was a lovely home awaiting us. We proceeded to explore the house, and I picked up several ornaments and nick-nacks on the mantlepiece. These were red, white and blue in color, in fact, they were the national colors minus the stars.

One of the party suggested that we explore the grounds, and with that we passed out into the yard, and through the meadow to the edge of a hill. From here we looked down into a peaceful valley below, where, beside placid pools, the most lovely looking animals were grazing with their young. Evidently they were not afraid, for they came running up to us, rubbing their silky noses on our hands and arms, apparently happy that

they were permitted to live in perfect peace. I looked around at the luxuriant vegetation, and I said, "Who would ever dream that there was war here so recently!" Just then a Voice said: "THIS is the New Jerusalem." At that instant a baby squirrel jumped from the tree under which I was standing on to my arm. All I could say was, "How lovely it all is!" Whereupon I awoke.

Mediumship

I desire to add a few words here concerning psychic powers. Many ask me if I encourage mediumship. This is a somewhat difficult question to answer, inasmuch as there is mediumship and mediumship. Here, as elsewhere, we find a verification of the saying, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

The ideals of most of those aspiring to spiritual mastership are altogether too low and commonplace. Most people are satisfied with a few simple and childish manifestations of spiritual power and influence. If a table tips, or they elicit a few raps, or get a response to some trifling question, they are perfectly satisfied to rest there — that to them is a complete demonstration of spiritualism. They seem to think it incumbent on them to prove through such mediumship the fact of spiritualism — a fact that stands already proven, and amply demonstrated in the lives and teachings of a long line of sages throughout the ages — a fact which virtually requires no more demonstration to a reasoning mind than the fact that the planets move about the sun, or that the seasons come and go with regularity.

If one has no higher idea of mediumship than this, and no desire to expand the limited knowledge which he possesses into a more glorious realization, one beyond present conception, and one that awaits the intrepid explorer of the higher realms of spirit, he had best content himself for the present with life on the material plane, where he can be guided by his common senses, for it is actually dangerous and deleterious mentally and physically to play with these forces as exhibited on the lower planes of spirit manifestation.

The great error lies in the popular conception of the spiritual realm itself. Most people, trained in the orthodox kindergarten of the church, where they are accustomed to being regaled with fairy stories of the heavenly realm, imagine it to be a place of the utmost purity, in which only the most transcendant bliss is realizable. They are taught that all the evil spirits are segregated either in purgatory or hell. Very well, let them hold to this conception for the present till they know better. But even under this arrangement they ought to reason that if angels can come from heaven, there is nothing to prevent devils coming from hell.

The truth is that it is not possible for these human beings to conceive of either heaven or hell as they exist. It is not the place people inhabit, but the people themselves, that makes the condition what it is. Witness the different degrees and grades of mental and spiritual unfoldment on the earth plane today, and then realize that you find the very same degrees and grades correspondingly in the realms beyond.

The average medium, and spiritualists in gen-

eral, seem to think it a wonderful thing to be "controlled" by some spirit force. No doubt it is a wonderful thing, but it may also be a most vicious thing, for suppose the control be the spirit of a drunkard, or a libertine, as it might be, what would be the result? Nor do some mediums seem to be very particular in regard to their controls. Some spirits are most clever at masking their real personality. It must be understood that when evil persons pass out into the spiritual realm, they go precisely as they leave the earth, with the same degenerate instincts and habits. Such spirits are said to be "earth-bound," as they cannot or do not seem to get away from the earth, but continue to mingle freely with the living, just as when they were alive.

Having lost their sense-body, the only way for them to indulge the degraded desires and abnormal appetites they acquired on earth, is to fasten themselves upon some mediumistic person, obsess him, and use him for their own vile and selfish purposes. If the truth were known, two-thirds of all the crimes committed in the world are attributable to such obsession. The courts are just beginning to recognize in some instances the force of hypnotic suggestion, but judges are as yet wholly unawakened as to the power of spirit obsession, which is virtually the same thing as hypnosis, though of a far more subtle and virulent type — more dangerous, because unsuspected.

To be a genuine medium and be free from such obsession is to be master of one's forces, and how many ever attain to any such distinction, or try to attain it? A person who is in earnest to make a career thinks nothing of spending years, or even

a life-time, to perfect himself in his chosen profession or trade. He knows that this has to be done if he would really succeed. Surely, then, one must be willing to give the same amount of time and devotion to the unfolding of the spiritual faculty, the very highest faculty or sense possessed by mankind. Eminence and perfection in mediumship as in art is attained only through great suffering and self-denial. It requires sublime faith and fixity of purpose to reach the goal. No road to any profession is so long and tedious, so dark and dangerous, so unpromising and so illy rewarded from a material standpoint. One meets, instead of sympathy and encouragement, rebuke and scorn, as I have all my life. The cry of the crucified Savior has often been on my lips: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!"

Speaking of obsession and the manner in which evil spirits sometimes mask themselves, I will cite an instance in my own experience. To explain this, it seems necessary for me to relate a little more of my personal life.

My second marriage was in many ways a happy one. It was entered into purely for companionship and unfoldment. By mutual agreement, we eliminated the usual expression of sex from our lives, knowing this to be an important step in attaining the heights at which we aimed. To most people this would have been a terrible cross to bear, but that is because they are bound to the material world, and have no real spiritual aspirations. To us it was no cross, but a compact gladly entered into.

One night I awoke to hear someone softly calling my name in ardent accents. Looking, I saw a

man kneeling by the bedside, with his arm across the coverlet. At first I thought it was my husband, as the one speaking called me by a pet name which no one except my husband ever used. It was, indeed, his perfect image in every detail, the same face and features, the same voice, the same dress. He bent over to kiss me, and as he did so my soul recognized that it was but a simulacrum, a masked spirit, attempting to take possession of me in this manner. I raised my hand to push him away, but I had not the physical strength to do so. Exerting all the power of my will, realizing instantly what I had to do to conquer him, I arose and forced him to the door, and through my husband's room, out into the hall, where he disappeared. My exertion was so great, the vampire having so depleted my physical strength in order to maintain his visible appearance, that I fell exhausted on the floor. Recovering, I arose, and saw my husband sound asleep in his own bed — a confirmation, if I had needed one, of my soul's intuition.

Nor was that the end of the temptation. I had that Thing to fight nearly every other night or day for three months afterward. I fought it until I was simply worn out and ill from the effects. Even in broad daylight, it would spring from behind the draperies at me, thinking by taking me unawares it would be able to gain possession of my mind.

Then I bethought myself of the temptation of our Lord in the wilderness, and, recognizing the tempter as the very same evil force of which it is said that it hath power to deceive the very elect, I mustered all my volitionary powers,

backed by the calm faith of understanding and met the Thing as it next appeared with the affirmation: "Get thee behind me Satan!" Thus I overcame the Thing once and for all time. It disappeared and troubled me no more.

Following this last experience I had a most transcendent vision of the Christ. This was shown me by a wonderful master that hovers near me. His face I always see in a square mirror which appears on the wall. On this particular occasion the walls and ceiling seemed to vanish and I looked into the blue sky which suddenly opened, and there, amid the mass of spotless white clouds, appeared the body of the Christ beautifully illumined. His smiling face looked down upon me, and he put out his shapely hands over me as if in blessing. As he did so, I saw hundreds of black hands stretching up to him from earth, as if begging for relief, and immediately the heavens rolled together like a scroll. As I lay pondering for a long time on this wonderful vision, I got the impression that I was to receive the power to bring illumination to the hearts of these suppliants.

One must not expect earthly rewards for overcoming. Christ said, "To him that overcometh, a New Name shall be given, and I will give him the Morning Star." By the process of overcoming, one is transformed and becomes as it were a being apart. The "Morning Star" symbolizes the brightness of vision. It marks the dawning of a new day and the entrance into a new world of heavenly experience.

We surely must master ourselves, before we can hope or expect to master others. And how

can one say he is master, so long as he has to bow to material elements? Will the waters drown him? Will the fire burn him? If he falls from a precipice, will he be dashed in pieces? If so, then he has not yet attained to real mastership, for spirit is amenable to no material law whatever. It is master of matter, the latter being only a form or expression of spirit itself.

Mediumship, so-called, is only the first step. From this it is necessary to go forward on a long and arduous journey in order to reach the heights. I am not developing my powers for any display of mediumship. It is because this phase of spiritualism alone has been paraded before the public that the majority of people have become disgusted with the whole subject, even doubting that it rests on a true foundation.

The true powers of mediumship, one of the most prominent of which is physical healing, are considered miraculous, and men have enacted laws against the exhibition of the miraculous. Such laws as those enacted against spiritual healing are instigated and fathered by a low form of jealousy which inheres in the medical profession as a body. In the same way it resents any system that appears to deprive some member of a fee for services. That is all there is to it, and the common people who permit such laws to be passed and enforced stand by and see their real saviors dragged off to jail, while they go on taking the filthy drugs of their dear doctors, one patient dropping dead every tick of the watch. And they see nothing incongruous in establishing by law a healing system that

seldom heals, or in repudiating one that heals miraculously or in a way they cannot understand.

What if Christ were on earth today practicing the powers of mediumship as he was 1900 years ago? He would be promptly arrested and thrown into jail, as so many of his conscientious disciples have been.

Why do not the churches endorse the method of Christ healing, when Christ distinctly said that all his true followers should heal? If the ministers are true followers, as they are supposed to be, why do they not heal? They say all this is the work of the devil. This is exactly what the Pharisees said to Jesus when he made the blind see and the dumb to speak. The Pharisees said, "This fellow doth not cast out devils but by Beelzebub, the prince of devils." And Jesus, knowing their thoughts, said, "Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation, and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand. And if Satan cast out Satan, he is divided against himself; how then shall his kingdom stand? And if I by Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your children cast them out? Let them be the judge. But if I cast out devils by the Spirit of God, then the kingdom of God is come unto you." Is every clergyman in Christendom so dense that he cannot comprehend this plain rebuke? And yet it sets none of them right. The common sense and logic of a five-year-old child would perceive that evil could not cast out evil. And that is exactly why drugs never heal. Drugs are evil and they are used to cast out a more

active form of evil, which is sickness. The result is a greater evil — death and dissolution of the earthly temple, the body. And then they call it witchcraft! Not long ago the pious Cotton Mather and other religious fanatics burned the witches at Salem. And who were these thus inhumanly tortured? Simply people who were psychic and who began to manifest some of the first degrees of mediumship. Many of them were not even that, they were just suspects, they "acted queer," so they were seized and burned with the rest! There is not a particle of doubt but that the Catholic church would do the same thing today if it dared. You ask a priest why, as vicegerent of God and spiritual representative of Christ, he does not heal or see spirits and he will tell you he can do it all right, but it "makes him sweat." YE GODS! "Makes him sweat!" I have seen them "sweating" across the divide for very different reasons, and the sure prospect is held up to the whole bunch that they will on their arrival need more than palm-leaf fans to be quite comfortable!

Only last summer, while on my way to work one morning, I met one of the girls that worked in the same office with me and as we passed the Catholic church, she stepped in to give her offering and tell her beads. As it was pouring with rain I stepped in also to wait for her. I saw lying on a small table, three rosaries. I was impressed to pick up one of them and, as I did so, I became conscious of their having been handled by a deceased priest. Just then I looked up the aisle of the church and saw coming toward me, his arm upraised, gesticulating, the

spirit of this discarnate priest. He was fairly flying down the aisle and ejaculated, "Go out of here! Go out, quick! Don't let them get you as they did me!" I replied, "You do not need to fear for me, I have long since passed the point where smoke and holy water appear attractive. Back to your rest and forget it!"

A Glimpse Into the Past

Each object that we see
Is but a symbol of the Mystery,
Moreover 'tis a token
Of a certain Word, divinely spoken.
And, when we understand,
E'en walls and empires fall at our command;
And, as we deeper look,
We view past deeds writ in the Golden Book;
Anon we turn our gaze
Upon the unborn scenes of future days.

* * * * *

Just as I retired one evening, the room that had been dark but a moment before became suddenly illumined with a soft, opalescent light. Again the square mirror appeared on the wall, and in it the master's face. This time he held up to view an oval tablet of stone, which was filled with gold writing. Then a square table appeared in the middle of the room draped in immaculate whiteness, on top of which was a white pyramid minus the cap-stone, and at the side of the pyramid was a white cone.

I knew by this symbol that I was eventually to rise in spirituality until I was able to put the cap-stone on this pyramid, and that when I reached this degree as shown in the vision I would be permitted to read the gold

writing which the ancient slab of stone contained.

This master has never spoken a word though he has appeared to me many, many times, but while he is near I am able to see into the beyond as plainly as when looking at an object in a mirror. If I happen to be tired out from my day's work, the presence of this master is more refreshing to me than a sound slumber of many hours. Everything is shown to me by him symbolically. He has placed an open book in front of me several times and turned its pages, permitting me to read the wonderful wisdom that it contained. This book is always surrounded by an aureole of light, so that I can see to read it no matter how dark the room may be.

I understand that I am to write a duplicate of this book for the benefit of the Truth seekers in the near future. I shall write it and have it published EXACTLY as I see it before me. This book was once written, but was destroyed ages ago on account of the truth it contained. Why this book and the revelation it contains should be given to me I do not know, unless it is because I have prized TRUTH beyond anything else. This master and myself lived ages ago in ancient Atlantis, at a time when civilization was far in advance of what it is today. We also lived and worked together in one of the temples in Egypt, until one day while out feeding my pet doves in the garden, I was stolen by a most wicked man who had occasionally seen me from his palace window strolling with my lover. This man carried me to his luxurious

palace which was surrounded with high walls, all entrances being guarded. Escape from such a place seemed impossible. When we entered the castle he walked into the opposite room and picked up a long-stemmed pipe that lay on a richly carved table near at hand and throwing himself down on a beautifully brocaded divan, he was soon sound asleep.

Then it was that I stole out of the room and passed softly and swiftly through other luxuriously furnished apartments, out on a broad balcony overlooking the gardens. I ran down the steps and out to where I saw the guards, and imagine my surprise when the first one I met was the man who had pretended to be my faithful lover. He advised me to go back to the palace and appear to remain calm and content until nightfall, when he had a plan for our escape together. I no longer trusted him, but I returned to the balcony where I seemed to smell a sickening odor issuing from the doorway of that beautiful palace. As I expected, the plan that my supposed lover was to put into execution that night, failed. I had other reasons for believing him false, and realizing what my life was to be, shut up in this man's power, I preferred death, so I took my own life.

Because of this tragedy by which my life was prematurely terminated, I sought reincarnation once again to pick up the threads of unfoldment where I had dropped them. My husband in this present incarnation was the very guard at the palace in Egypt to whom I appealed for help. I knew beforehand that we were destined to meet, for I saw him in a vision

one afternoon as I sat on the banks of Lake Champlain years before the actual meeting took place. Nothing, however, in relation to our past experiences was shown me until some years later.

Good Seed Sown

> "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water in my name, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

* * * * *

I will now relate what seemed to me a wonderful illustration of the good that may be accomplished through a positive knowledge of the conditions of the after-life. I was living in a distant city, and it was my desire to attend the business college there. I was endeavoring to earn a free scholarship by soliciting pupils. I walked day after day in the boiling hot sun, blistering my feet, and receiving rebuff after rebuff at the doors, until I was totally discouraged. One night I dreamed that I was standing in the arched doorway of the college, and I heard a voice say, "In the New Year!"

True enough, the second day of the New Year means were provided so that I enrolled as a student. One afternoon, two months later, I was passing through the park on my way home from school, when I began to feel a strange dizziness, and, staggering to a bench near by, I threw myself upon it and closed my eyes. I had been there but a few moments, when I saw the beautiful spirit of a youth standing by my side crying. I asked him why he was weeping,

and he pointed to the other end of the seat, where for the first time I observed a really terrible looking man, dissipated and unkempt.

My first thought was to get up and move away, but the spirit of the boy said, "Wait, he is my brother, and he does not believe in God. He is about to enter the spirit world, and he must not come here thinking and living as he does." I looked at the dear little fellow, and then at the uncouth, rough looking man, and shuddered. The spirit continued, "I want you to talk to him." And I said, "I, talk to such a man as that? I cannot do it!" Then, with tears streaming down his illumined face he knelt and pleaded with me to speak to his brother. I could not resist his pleading, so, moving a little nearer the man, I said, "Pardon me, sir, did you lose a little brother, Jimmy, some years ago? He looked at me in amazement and said, "I had a little brother Jimmy, but he died when about twelve years old." "No," I said, "he did not die; there are no dead, he merely left this world to go to a higher one." The man appeared stupefied. "Sir," I continued, "I want to talk to you. I have a message for you, and if you will please listen, I will tell you something very important."

I did not wait for him to reply, but started out saying, "You are a healthy looking man, and from all external appearances one might think you would live to be a hundred years old, but you are not as well as you appear. Your time on this earth is limited to a few weeks, and you will pass out so suddenly that you will not have time to think. You do not believe in God, your

brother says you do not, and it is for him that I am speaking. Neither do I believe in a man-God sitting up on a throne away off in the sky somewhere, but I do believe in a great, universal spirit, without which neither we nor the world could possibly exist. If you have a mind, and a morsel of reason, you cannot look into space and see the sun, the moon, and the planets all moving in their orderly paths, and into nature and see the manifestations of multiform life without recognizing some great, universal power, can you?" He replied that he had never thought of things in that light. Said he, "I never heard anyone talk this way before, or it might have started me thinking differently long ago. Tell me more about it." So I talked on and on till darkness gathered about, and the stars began to appear in the sky. I had held the man's attention like a little child for hours. I told him of the other world, and that we had lived many, many times before, also told him who he was in his last incarnation, and explained what life on earth really meant, and what we come here for, endeavoring to make him see what a narrow, unprofitable life he had led. Tears rolled down his cheeks as we parted, he promising to spend the few short weeks that remained to him in study, trying to learn more concerning the great subject that I had broached to him. Then the little spirit of Jimmy came closer to me and taking a crown from off my head, placed within it a bright blue star, so beautiful and brilliant that it dazzled my eyes. The look of satisfaction that shone in the sweet, up-turned face of the boy I shall never forget, and it will remain an inspiration to me throughout all eternity.

Some months later, when hundreds of miles away from the place where this happened, I was sitting on the banks of the Delaware river, near the office where I was employed. It was lunch hour and I had strolled out to sit in the silence under a large tree. I desired to ask a question for a dear friend of mine, who wished to know whether she should give in her resignation and go back to her school teaching or sign up for the duration of the war. In a word, she wanted to know when the war was likely to end.

I had not meditated long before I was conscious of a spirit presence, and heard a voice say, "Jimmy." I looked, and there indeed was the familiar form and face of little Jimmy. He spoke and said, "The one you talked with in the park is here in spirit, and while he is not on my plane, I can see him occasionally. He wants me to tell you how much he has been helped by your kind words, and how much he appreciates them now." I said that I did not want appreciation, and that if it had not been for his appearance, I should not have noticed the rough looking man. He replied, "Neither could I have given the message without an instrument." And then he added, "I have taken up your time, so I will answer your question for you. You will be rejoicing over what you have desired before your Thanksgiving, and now, goodby."

Value of Psychic Investigation

People say, "What good is all this communing with spirits, even though it be possible? The answer is: Any extension of scientific knowledge is GOOD. Only ignorance and nar-

row mindedness is evil. Whatever is, should be KNOWN. All the knowledge of the universe comes within the scope of the human mind. There is nothing that the mind of man has sought longer or more earnestly to determine than the mystery of his origin and destiny. The fundamental basis of every religion is a certain belief concerning the after-life. It is only because superstition, wielded by priestcraft, has fixed certain formulas of belief — certain dogmas concerning the nature of the after-life, that further investigation is resented. It might be that such investigation would upset some pet theories of the preachers, for an exposition of which they have been drawing fat salaries for lo, these many years!

Psychic investigation discloses the fact that there is no actual heaven and hell such as Dante conceived of, and that all similar orthodox beliefs are mere chimeras originating in somebody's imagination. It shows that heaven and hell are states of consciousness, and that the after world is as real as the world in which we live. Moreover, the two worlds are practically one and the same as to locality, once the subject is understood. Psychism thus upsets the whole dogmatic structure upon which the modern church rests. It restores to humanity the pure teaching of Jesus Christ, the greatest psychic of the ages. Ought not the churches to welcome such an illumination? They ought to, but they do not. The world will continue to jail, to hang, and to crucify the apostles of this new-old doctrine as long as they exist. The churches are perfectly inconsistent in their be-

lief concerning death. The Bible, which is supposed to be their rule and guide of faith, is a purely spiritual book from beginning to end. The New Testament particularly emphasizes the fact that there is no death, and yet Christians mourn and lament over the departure of one from this earth in a way that reminds one of the ancient Egyptians with their elaborate funeral ceremonials. Indeed, it would surprise Christians to know how many of their practices and beliefs are derived from Egyptian, Babylonian, Druidic and other pagan religions. There are no dead, nothing whatever dies — not even a tree, a flower nor an animal. Everything lives again in some form. The air is filled with the vibrant energy of life, visible to any psychic as a swirling mass of vivified atoms. Life is everywhere, and nowhere is there any death, save in appearance.

Many times have I lain down on my couch wearied with my heavy cross, feeling as if the bottom had dropped out of the world, when I would be surprised to see the ceiling transformed into a canopy of blue with a number of baby angels smiling down upon me and strewing my couch with beautiful flowers wet with heavenly dew, or awaken in the night to see some loved one sitting by my bedside, surrounded by an angelic light.

No, communication is not the highest, and yet it is an experience which I cannot discourage, for it has its use in comforting thousands of aching hearts. When President Lincoln lost his beloved son, Willie, he was at first inconsolable. Then he consulted a medium, saying, "If

my son lives, I want to know it, I must know it." His religion did not assure him, neither did it comfort him. A religion that cannot do that is unworthy the name of religion. I have no time to waste on such religion — it is a fossil! It has outlived its age and usefulness. Stand from under! Christ said, "Come out and be ye separate!" A great change in the physical and moral constitution of the earth and its inhabitants draws nigh. Unless you see the handwriting on the wall and heed the message, you will be numbered with those who are to be swept away by floods, plagues, wars and other catastrophes that are to follow each other in rapid succession, sweeping the major part of the present humanity away.

Surely it will be a day of rejoicing for the Chosen Ones when the effete and rotten institutions of the present day are swept into oblivion, as they are destined to be, for, of all the hundreds of different sects in existence, not one is the true religion. For ages they have kept the people in ignorance and chains. The Chosen Ones are of no sect or creed, nor are they to be found in groups. Christ declared they should be, "One of a city," and that, "Two shall be working in a field, one to be taken and the other left." This is the way they are to be picked from all over the surface of the earth—a great congregation of those pure in motive and heart — a congregation illumined by the light of God from WITHIN.

No longer is God to be worshiped as some capricious despot, some blood-thirsty autocrat— the anthropomorphic image of an earthly ruler

— sitting as people imagine him, on some distant throne in the skies. No, we are to recognize the omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient God WITHIN — the very same God that the inspired prophets and sages of all ages have been trying to teach the ignorant masses, but which they stubbornly refused to recognize, preferring images of wood, stone, silver and gold. We are today ruled by the same Golden Calf which Moses in a rage ground to powder, and by the same Moloch to which millions of babes are annually sacrificed. We call the former money, the latter matrimony. Think it over!

The ignorance, not to say beastliness, of the masses is pitiable. The race has nearly run its course. Humanity as we know it, or call it, has served its purpose. It has from the beginning crucified its saviors in one age and deified them in the next, distorting all their teachings as they have those of the Christ, and shaping them to suit and sanction their evil desires and purposes.

Heretofore, as has been shown in one of the visions related, when a soul of one of these material, animal men and women has entered the future life, it has not even been aware of the change, so much is it bound to earth. You meet them in droves wandering as if insane, on the shores of the beyond, each obsessed by some fancy that he is doing something or other still on earth, precisely as in a lunatic asylum.

Heal a Wandering Soul

We were living one summer in a little cottage among the pines about seven miles from the city,

when one night, after retiring, someone opened the front door and came in fumbling about, and began stumbling up the stairs. I called out, "Who is that," but no answer. I asked my husband if he had locked the door, and he replied that he had.

When the wanderer arrived at the top of the stairs, he came into the room where I was, stumbling against the dresser and over the chairs, and finally bumped into the foot of the bed, and over to where I lay, and I felt his hand clutch my pillow. Immediately I perceived him as the soul of an aged man, and I said to him: "You are a soul that has passed out of the body, and do not know where you are, or where to go. You are in darkness, and I, having this spiritual power, have attracted you here." I talked to him for sometime along this line, and tried to explain conditions to him, but he was too bewildered to understand me, so I called my Indian guide to come and care for him, and he led him away. At nine o'clock the next morning I was out on the road waiting for a street car, when I saw passing the funeral of the old gentleman whose soul had appeared to me seeking enlightenment the evening before.

How perfectly unconscious people are of these facts. Thousands are being brought up, and "educated" in our schools, devoting their lives to mental training, believing that this is the end of all wisdom, when it is not even the beginning of it. The popular notion of education is to study something out of a book, some "authority" on some particular subject. What is an "authority"? It is the hypothesis or guess of some thinker who lived, usually not very long ago, for the hypotheses or guesses of one gener-

ation are supplanted by those of the next. So people go on guessing, but never arrive at the truth, and these are "authorities" for the age in which we live, and we attend colleges and universities, to absorb the dicta and formulae of such, making them the rule and guide of our thought and actions.

This is part and parcel of the conformity to which we are subjected. We are taught that we must think as others do, act as they do, dress as they do. We must not be original, it is wrong, almost a crime, to differ with established opinions. But how would the world ever have progressed if every one had conformed to existing customs and habits of thought? It would not have progressed. We would still be in the stone-age, and the monkey kingdom, if somebody had not ventured to think differently from the mass.

No one has to conform. Emerson says that to be a man, you must be a non-conformist. What, then, are conformists? They must be a species of monkey. To be sure, if you do not conform, you may expect to lose your friends, most of them, even your husband and children as I have. But did not the Christ say that you would have to leave ALL to follow him? Now, if you understand it aright, "following Christ," is simply following the dictates of the Spirit of Christ within, for that is where the Christ IS.

This, and the fact that there is no death, would be the highest wisdom that you could possibly impart to your children. It is worth more than a university education, because a knowledge of this wisdom transforms the whole life,

and establishes true character. This is true morality — the knowledge of the LIVING CHRIST WITHIN, the Spirit that is immortal. The belief in a dead Christ, far-away gods, the vicarious atonement, and all such vagaries which pass for morality in a Christian world, are precisely the things which make for hypocrisy, superstition and the general looseness and crookedness of humanity in general.

The absolute knowledge of the continuity of life on high planes — a life contingent upon the action of this life — would do more for the establishment of righteousness and the abolition of criminality on earth, if it could become a matter of universal belief, than all the laws and punitive measures adopted by people throughout the world. All religions offer some hope of a future state, but they give no demonstration of it. All the hope they offer is that the soul "sleeps," is at rest in the tomb, to be raised up on some indefinite future judgment day, when we shall all be separated as sheep and goats, so that very few people who follow religious teachings have any certain or fixed belief that they will continue their life beyond the grave, taking it up just where they left it off here.

Just because the church is so childish, it does not appeal to intelligent people, and hence the majority of thinkers become agnostic or atheistic. Religion is regarded by them as a humbug, and even if adhered to by some, it is merely as a perfunctory rite, a social obligation to which they feel in duty bound to conform. Contrast with this popular condition of religious

apathy and distrust the state that would be effected by the teaching and demonstration of the fact that there is actually no death — that the soul lives on and on through a series of endless lives, and that in passing from the earth life to the life beyond, there is no abrupt change in consciousness, and that there is no remission of sin, save by a personal change of heart and purpose — not by the shedding of some man's blood. "As we sow, so we must reap!" The coming of the Christ in the hearts of men would mean the emptying of all the churches in the land. No need longer of churches in which to worship God, when the Spirit of God dwells in the heart.

The church is but a survival of the pagan temple which was used to house the figure of the heathen deity. In this temple the god was supposed to dwell, and there people repaired to offer up direct petitions, to make sacrifices and to bring food for the god to eat. The modern church has many reminders of the heathen rites in its ceremonialism. The priest is there, the altar is there — a relic of the stone on which the priest anciently sacrificed human and animal victims. In the eucharist we see the devotees solemnly helping themselves to the bread and wine, which used to be set at the shrine of the god as a votive offering, and which the priests afterward ate and drank on behalf of the god. In Catholic churches we even see the image of the Christ and the Madonna which are worshiped as gods, exactly as in pagan times. Surely the world advances by snail steps. The word religion means, "bound back," and truly it is so bound back that it never advances!

There is no "hell" presided over by devils, and no "god" sitting on a throne to pass judgment on people and send them there, or permit them to dance about him forever, like a cannibal king, according to popular conception. These things cannot be found in the after-world. They do not exist except as chimeras in the brain of some religious poet or fanatic. The only hell that exists in the beyond is the hell of ignorance, and I admit that this is hell enough, and so would you if you had seen what I have. But it is the dense ignorance of religion, fostered by the churches, which more than anything else sends people into this hell of ignorance. To die and not be aware that you are dead, to lie there and suffer the pangs of vivisection, when the kindly undertaker is performing his duties, or the torture of being cremated in a fiery furnace, to wake up in the cold, dank earth and find himself incarcerated in a box from which he is unable to arise—these are some of the preliminary experiences of that "hell" into which ignorance of the after-life throws one. And later, when the soul escapes from these tortures, to go wandering about the old home meeting his loved ones, speaking to them, imploring them to speak, and having them pass him by in scorn, or, if he sits in his same armchair, to have them come and sit upon him without even an apology — all these and many other incongruous and lugubrious experiences, out-rivaling the worst nightmare, are his, UNTIL he awakens to the knowledge of his condition. Meanwhile, his parents may be paying the priest a high price to "pray him through purga-

tory!" What a superstition to suppose that money and the mouthing of masses could change his state of ignorance. Why it is this very thing — these false material precepts instilled into him from babyhood by the church — which is responsible for his present plight. Just like the doctors: They give you something to make you sick and the same thing to make you well again.

Now, you ask, "How do you KNOW all these things?" I know because I have left my material body on the earth, and traveled into the beyond. I have done this repeatedly. I have there communicated with some of the wisest souls that ever lived on the earth plane, whose wisdom has been infinitely augmented by their experience on subjective planes of life. What better proof could one have? I have visited other planets, and I know exactly the existing conditions there.

It is no uncommon thing for one person to know more than all the rest of the world about some certain thing. There is no egoism about it, it is simply a fact. Four hundred and twenty-seven years ago — that is not such a very long time — not one person in the whole earth knew that the world is round. Everybody at that time thought it flat, having four corners. The Catholic church forced Galileo on his knees to recant his statement that the world is round and revolves on its axis, or be condemned to death. If the Pope was the vicegerent of God why did he not know this? Another man later received the inspiration that it is round. Had he gone lecturing all over the earth trying to

impress his belief on mankind, what would have been the result? They would soon have incarcerated him for lunacy. He did a wiser thing, he got into a boat and sailed around. He PROVED the thing, and brought back the evidences, and THEN the people began to wake up to the facts. The same thing is true of every other discovery. ONE MAN, one person (it might possibly be a woman, if women would think) makes the discovery, after which the world becomes enlightened, and others improve upon the knowledge.

The discovery of the spiritual realm is unique. It differs from material discoveries, inasmuch as it cannot be demonstrated to the physical senses, because these senses have to be laid aside, and other senses developed before anyone can really see or understand the existence of this other world. But here is a peculiar thing. In relation to material discoveries, people are absolutely credulous, they swallow everything they hear like fishes, but in relation to spiritual discoveries, they are positively, obstinately incredulous.

Take, for example, the discovery of the North Pole. Mr. Cook comes back and says he discovered it, and people all believe him, until Mr. Peary comes back and says he discovered it, and then people are all up in the air, and wait for an act of Congress to decide. Congress decides in favor of Peary, and then everybody is willing to swallow without question everything Peary may say about the Pole. Now, I happen to know that Cook went as near the Pole as did Peary, and that he was shamefully cheated

of the rightful honor by a bunch of prejudiced politicians. This is only one of a thousand instances where people are deceived by "authorities."

I care not what science says, or what anyone thinks of my statements regarding the after-life. I know them to be true or I would not make them. Despite what Billy Sunday and the great mass of mercenary religious exhorters declare concerning the after-death conditions, I will say they have not found the way to get the true evidence. Their evidence is the authority of a BOOK, compiled by the Church Fathers, which they revised to suit their own opinions.

Conscience is our judge. If we desire to have a clear conscience in the after-life, and live in "heaven," we must live a pure life right here in this world, doing good for every evil. If we brought our children up in this belief, and under such principles, impressing upon them that every evil thought indulged in, or evil action done to another, is an injury to themselves, retarding their own progression in this life, and that they will be called upon by the judge, Conscience, to pay double in the next world, we might soon dispense with jails and reform schools. Why have we prisons, and places where the law takes the lives of men for so-called capital offenses? It is because the conscience of humanity is dulled, stupefied, anaesthetized by the damnable, priest-invented doctrines of vicarious atonement, the essence of which is, Do what you like, live the life you choose, good works count nothing for salvation, simply at SOME

TIME in your life, even at the eleventh hour, even while ascending the steps of the gallows, declare your BELIEF in a dead Christ, and his atoning blood, and you pass straight into glory! What person in his right senses could fail to see that such a doctrine must prove an incentive to crime? The law punishes crime for an example to other evil doers, and then God laughs at the whole performance, and sets it all aside, not only the verdict of the jury, but the crime itself! Was there ever such a ridiculous doctrine formulated? And yet it is the fundamental doctrine of Christianity, the very keystone of the arch, without which the whole system must fall and crumble to dust. It was invented by priests in earlier times that they might sell indulgences for crime, which they did by the wholesale. That was their business, the way they lived — one of the ways. Still people in this enlightened age go on believing it just the same without daring to question it, or reason on its absurdity.

Humanity may be compared to a great seething mass in a high-walled dungeon. It is so deep and the walls are so high that the light of the sun never penetrates to where this mass is standing. These are the black hands I saw reaching up for more light. To reach up is but the first impulse. All would like to have a rope thrown them, and most of them live and die in the delusion that such a rope will be thrown to them as they pass the border. But it is not so. There are no ropes, no hoists, each one must climb the sheer wall for himself, unaided. Even though he deem it impossible, though he be forcibly pulled back or slip back a thousand

times, still he must continue to climb. That is what we mean by "overcoming." If others have done it, he can do it. Victor Hugo in his immortal masterpiece, Les Miserables, tells how Jean Valjean, the life-prisoner of his drama, hounded for life by the inexorible law for the terrible crime of stealing a loaf of bread to feed his starving sister, had learned to place his back against the corner of the prison wall and by sheer muscular contraction force his body to the top. Human "spiders," who make a profession of climbing sheer walls of high buildings, are today not uncommon. Many have also climbed this metaphysical wall of ignorance, and come into the light. You can do it if you will. But we all have to advance a step at a time. We are given at each step only that which we are ready for — that which we are able to master. This being true, one might say, "Why should I exert myself? I shall arrive in due course of time simply by the operation of the law of evolution." To this I would reply, that you must purge your mind of that false belief ingrained into the very fibers of modern thought, viz., that there is a power outside of you acting to bring about this transformation in you and your expression. The law is in yourself, the power is in yourself. It may be expressed as divine will. You possess this will and the power to use it for your own unfoldment and transformation. But you also possess a desire born of the senses, which in its very highest expression serves only the needs of the present condition and environment, and which if abused is more apt to become weak and degraded, converting a

natural desire into an abnormal and destructive habit, one that then seizes the reins of government, sets aside the divine will and plunges the individual downward, thus negating in a single lifetime all the progress made in lives before, putting man even below the beasts. In this sense the Egyptian belief in the transmigration of souls — the reappearance of spirit in lower forms of animal life — is true. It is like those I saw trying to climb the Mount of Freedom by the icy path—they slip back as often as they advance, and frequently further than they advance. Let every one think over his past life, and, note that it has been but a succession of backslidings, good resolutions adhered to for a brief time, then broken.

No, you cannot, you dare not, wait for any imaginary powers to pull you out of the hole and set your feet on a rock — nor for any power to compel your progress. I have already spoken of the absurdity of belief in any vicarious atonement. Throughout the ages you rise or fall according as you have a grasp upon your own inner powers — the power of the divine will, which, like a helping hand, is always reached out to you; but you, the supreme master of your own destiny for good or ill, must reach out to grasp the hand, when your eyes will open to see it as spiritual strength entering into your own arm to make in invincible.

If I possessed the thunders of Jove I would roar this message into the faltering hearts; or had I the hammer of Thor I would beat it into the sluggish brains of a sin-sick, priest-ridden, doctor-drugged, surgeon-slaughtered, lawyer-

swindled, officially-oppressed humanity, viz., TO RISE IN THE MAJESTY OF THE SELF AND DECLARE THE OMNIPOTENCE OF THE INDIVIDUAL PERSONAL SOUL! You are that soul! You are that wonderful being possessing a GOD within and endowed with eternal and immutable powers from God!

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